

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

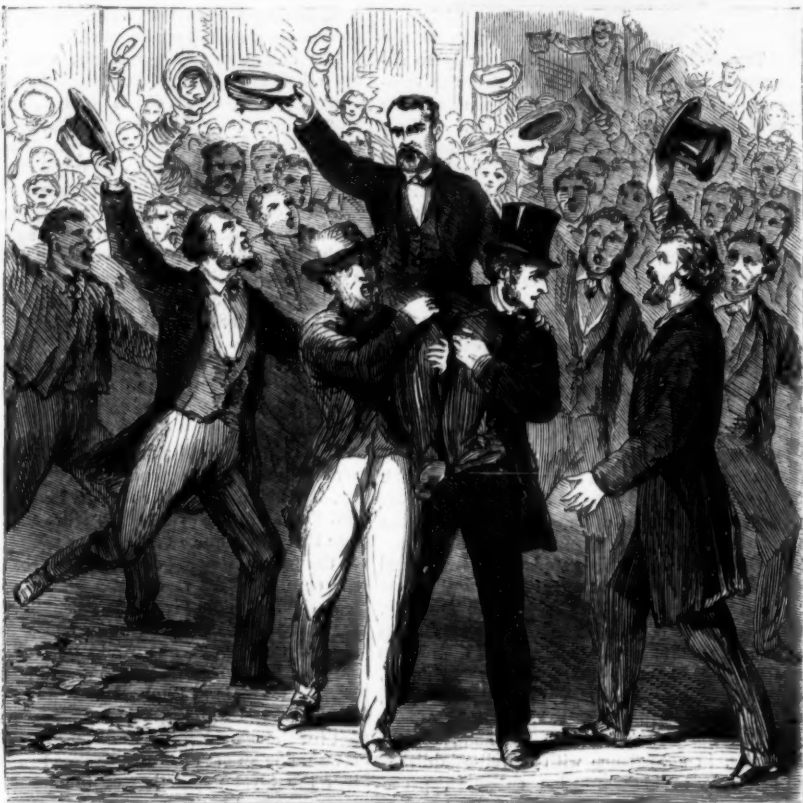
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SEE PAGE 51.



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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

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### Physical Deterioration in France.

If France desires to prevent the formation and consolidation of a great German State, which is to be the dominating power of Europe, she must lose no time in making the attempt. The Southern German States are gravitating toward Prussia under the double impulse of interest and feeling, and their substantial coalition may be taken as already effected. Bavaria long ago gave in its hearty adhesion; and no

longer ago than the 5th of September the Duke of Baden declared to his Diet, that to form a national union with the North German Confederation is an object for which he and his people will unceasingly strive. This declaration presages defeat of the political objects, whatever they were, that led the French Emperor on a tour through Southern Germany.

But there are other reasons than the rapid coalescing of the German States with Prussia that should induce the French Emperor to interfere at once, or never, against what in Paris is called German aggrandizement. There is one reason most potential—it is the fact that the population of Germany increases four times as rapidly as that of France. The German States double their population once in forty-seven years; France only once in one hundred and ninety-eight years. In fifty years, therefore, Prussia will have double the population of France, and the question of political predominance will be settled irrevocably by the operations of natural laws.

These laws, indeed, tend inevitably to the subordination of France in Europe. No one can study the statistics of population in that country without being convinced that some great natural, social, or political cause checks the vitality of the whole people. Perhaps the relative retrogression of the country, in respect of population, is due to the operations of several causes; but of the fact of retrogression there is no doubt.

We might easily adopt the fashionable theory of race, and say that the Teutonic nations or the Slavonic nations are destined to become greater, while the Latin nations, with France at their head, are destined to remain as they are; but, after all, this kind of reasoning amounts to little more than saying that what is, is. We must have something more rational to account, not alone for the obvious decline of reproductive power in France, but for the equally obvious physical deterioration of the race. We are told that before 1789 the minimum height for enlistment in the line was five feet one inch, French measure. After a quarter of a century of war the minimum has reduced to less than four feet ten inches, and in 1830 to less than four feet nine inches. This standard was still further reduced during the reign of Louis Philippe. And it has again been reduced, or proposed to be reduced by Louis Napoleon, in order to raise an effective army of 800,000, by two centimeters, or about three-quarters of an inch. If the same height were exacted now as under Louis XVI. more than 250,000 soldiers would have to be dismissed the service. Yet, although the requirements of the authorities are so much lessened, the rejections are in an inordinate ratio to the whole body of conscripts. In six years, from 1831 to 1837, 504,000 youths were admitted and 459,000 rejected. The deterioration has gone on advancing. In the six years from 1839 to 1845 only 486,000 were admitted against 491,000 rejected. That is actually more than half the conscripts were found unfit for military service, either through exceeding smallness of stature, weakness of body, or some other physical disqualification; and yet certainly the French armies are strikingly deficient in men either of size or muscular power. That more than half the population should fall short of the moderate standard required in the regiments which we see defile past in a French town is certainly a most surprising and startling fact. But for the explanation.

The devastating wars of the Republic and the Empire may have been, and, no doubt, were an original cause of deterioration. One may see on pretty nearly every Parisian book-stall a large broadsheet exposed for sale entitled, "*Pastes Militaires*." Opposite to every day in the year is the name of some victory or some assumed victory won between 1792 and 1815. During those years the French fought more battles than any other nation, and their generals of that time may be with accuracy called heroes of a hundred fights. But dearly has France paid for all this glory. It is no exaggeration to say that the entire vigorous male population of the country was swept away, leaving only the rejected of the conscription to be the fathers of a future generation. And when we remember that Lutzen and Bautzen and Leipzig were fought principally by boys whose year of enlistment was anticipated by the desperate Emperor, we may form some notion of what kind of men the conscription was likely to reject.

But this was only what may be called the initiatory cause of French decline. With the cessation of the great and consuming wars, the nation should have gradually recovered its stamina and strength. But it has not done so, and after the lapse of two generations we find the nation as a whole, punier than before, barely able to hold its own in population, and that without any sensible drain from emigration.

We can only account for this lack of recuperative power by considering the effect of the vast military system which the French keep up, and which withdraws from the population annually one-half, and that the best and most vigorous half of its young men, in the way of

conscripts. Fourteen years in camp, in idleness, in casernes, or in foreign service, are not likely to qualify the subject for domestic life or pursuits. He ends his demoralizing period of service often diseased, always improvident, and with little inclination to rear or ability to support a family. This duty devolves upon the physically inferior portion of the population, and the result is precisely what a farm breeder would expect in his flocks if he adopted a similar system of propagation.

And yet the Emperor of France is extending and aggravating the system that is reducing the French people to a race of pigmies, and which keeps down its ratio of increase to a fraction, while every other nation is growing in population, productive energy and consequent power. Were he truly great, he would abandon all Gallic ideas of glory and reduce his armies instead of increasing them. In this wise he might enable France, if not to keep pace with other nations, at least to save itself from the relative weakness and insignificance to which she is tending rapidly and surely under the operation of obvious and irreversible laws.

### The Cretan Question.

THE difficulties in Crete have lately so engrossed the attention and enlisted the sympathies of the public, that we are induced to give our readers a concise statement of their origin and present actual aspect. In doing so, we are, however, conscious that we, like our contemporaries, may labor under prejudices, induced by a classic Philhellenism or a religious sentiment, which, however natural under the circumstances, should not be permitted to outbalance the scale of an enlightened justice toward our fellow-beings.

Crete, one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean, is situated nearly opposite the Morea, and is about two hundred and seventy miles in length, stretching from east to west, and nowhere exceeding fifty miles in width. The interior is very mountainous and woody, intersected with fertile valleys, the classic Mount Ida extending through the centre of the island. The island is destitute of lakes, but there are mountain torrents, which are dry during the summer seasons.

Crete was originally peopled by Greeks and barbarians; the latter, who were the first settlers, are said to have come from Thessaly. At present the population consists of Greeks and Mussulmans—we make this distinction advisedly, in preference to calling them Turks, for the Mussulmans are not of Turkish origin, but Greek proselytes to Mohammedanism. When the island fell into the hands of the Turks, in accordance with a well-established principle of Mohammedan conquest, proselytism became the order of the day; and as there was no preferment to office save through a change of religion, many adopted the faith of the conquerors. The population at this day is in the proportion of one to two—that is, one hundred thousand Mussulmans and two hundred thousand Greek Christians—the Mussulmans being Greek in every respect but one, religious faith. They intermarry with the Greeks, and speak the Greek language better than Turkish—indeed, they are socially so intermixed as to be with difficulty distinguished from each other, and are by no means so fanatical as Mussulmans elsewhere. It is amusing to hear them swear by the *Panagia*, the Virgin Mary, and cross themselves like any staunch Greek Christian, in order to give emphasis to their assertions.

Mustapha Pasha, a metropolitan functionary, who has long and successfully governed the island, owes his popularity to an appreciation of the character of the people, and an early conformity to the popular régime. His son, Vely Pasha, who succeeded him, was equally beloved, for he was not only to the manner born, but, having received a European education, he was free from the bigotry common to Mohammedans. The present difficulty has not its origin in any religious animosity, such as prevail in other sections of the Ottoman empire; it is rather political in its aspect.

It has ever been the ambition of the people of Crete to be independent, or in default thereof, to become a part of Greece. To this latter alternative the Mussulman portion had no inclination, preferring to remain under the rule of the Sultan than to become Greeks altogether, for the Porte, whether from sad experience, or from diplomatic prudence in reformatory measures, was always lenient toward the Cretans, and ever yielding to their just demands. Nevertheless the fire of ambition was constantly kept alive by foreign emissaries until it burst into fury in the recent revolt. Though originally a mere spark, it has been fanned into a blaze, enveloping the whole island and threatening to disturb the peace of the civilized world.

Apart from the religious faith which divides the people, the character of the Greek portion of the population varies according to locality. The valleys or sloping plains of the island are very fertile, producing to a certain extent, for the land is not extensively cultivated, grain,

excellent wine, and the best kinds of fruit. The exports are salt, grain, olive oil, honey, silk, wool and soap, so that those inhabiting the cities and the plains are highly commercial and agricultural, while those who live on the mountains, especially in the region of Sphakia, in the south, are mere adventurers. These latter, still retaining the indomitable character of the ancient Spartans, from whom they are said to be descended, lead an irregular life, and live by their prowess, facilitated, doubtless, by the inaccessibility of their mountain fastnesses.

Those engaged in commerce or agriculture are often ready to make concessions to exigencies, to which the Sphakiots, leading an independent life, never submit. Recently the Porte, in order to increase its revenue, deemed it advisable to levy a tax upon salt, as had been previously imposed on tobacco. The Mussulmans yielded, but the Christian portion of the people, perhaps more affected thereby, demurred. When the Government insisted upon the measure, the Christians resisted by force of arms, calling in the aid of the Sphakiots. Thus a political schism was at once established between the Mussulmans and Christians, having no religious character whatever, but simply civil and commercial.

The action of the Sphakiots, consequent upon their mountain life, toward the adverse party was not perhaps of the gentlest, and the Mussulmans, roused to exasperation, appealed to the Porte for permission to put down the resistance to the law by raising 30,000 men among themselves at their own expense.

The Porte feared that their exasperation would lead them to acts of violence and even barbarity, and in order to avert the horrors of a civil war, of which we ourselves have had a sad lesson, assumed the responsibility of quelling the disturbance. Thus the war was commenced and is being carried on to this day, the object being on the part of the Turkish Government to assert the supremacy of the law, and on the other side to annul it by force of arms.

It is evident that the matter could have been arranged without any compromise of authority, if it had not been for foreign intervention. But those who are ever on the alert could not lose this opportunity of inflaming the passions of the people, thereby creating disturbance in the empire with a view to its ultimate disintegration. Judging from the recent efforts of the Sultan for the reformation and regeneration of his empire, one would be inclined to suppose that he would not be unwilling to follow the example of England and give up this island, as she did the Ionian Islands, were it not for the consideration of disintegration. But it would be an act of gross injustice to abandon half the loyal population of the island who have espoused his cause at a great sacrifice—we say half, because, besides the entire Mussulman population, there naturally are those whose interests are not affected by the projected tax on salt, but who are doubtless great sufferers from the disturbed condition of the country.

As to the atrocities committed in the island, attributed to the Turks, we are inclined to take them *cum grano salis*, especially regarding Omar Pasha, a man of European blood and education. We have seen this same general in Montenegro, Herzegovina and Kurdistan, whose inhabitants do not in their nature differ much from our Indians, where he conducted himself in a manner to exempt him from any censure whatever. Is it possible that age and experience have perverted his nature, or are the Cretans worse than the barbarians, to merit such treatment at his hands? Doubtless atrocities have now and then been committed by the ruffianly set of *Bashi-basouks*, irregular Turkish troops, who rendered themselves quite infamous during the Crimean war; but such atrocities cannot be laid at the charge of any government or general. If so, where would we ourselves stand? Exaggerated reports are always circulated by partisans or enthusiasts, with the hope of enlisting public sympathy, but we must be just before we can be sympathetic or generous. Consequently recent cable dispatches report that "the United States had declined to mediate in the matter of Crete." This action of our Government is just; for we are as much indebted to Turkey as to Russia for the strict neutrality maintained toward us during our war—especially when the South had, at the commencement of the rebellion, a strong advocate in the person of Mr. Williams of Tennessee, a secessionist, our representative near the Sublime Porte.

We have only to add the intelligence received by telegraph, that "A firman from the Sublime Porte, granting a general amnesty to the Greek insurgents in the Island of Candia, has just been officially promulgated."

THE annual meeting of the British Association naturally attracts much interest, and in no department more than in that which epitomizes the results of anthropological inquiry. England accepts scientific deductions slowly perhaps; but what is proven is held. In France, on the other



hand, what is startling or brilliant (or what appears to be brilliant) will carry all before it for the moment, and be discarded next day with a facility impossible with the "Teutonic element." All this is *apropos*, or intended to be, to Mr. Lubbock's replication to Archbishop Whately's argument that no community ever did or could emerge unassisted from a state of utter barbarism into anything that can be called civilization. Whately meant his argument to prove the descent of the whole human race from a divinely educated pair, for he thought, apparently, that the degradation of civilized into barbarous races could be easily accounted for if the stock were civilized; but that the ascent of barbarous into civilized races could not be accounted for if the stock were barbarous. Mr. Lubbock argued that we have no signs of pre-existing civilization among any of the most barbarous tribes—of Australia, New Zealand, etc.; that there would be signs either in the existence of embedded pottery, or of tools showing signs of the cultivation of the earth, or of the bones of domesticated animals, showing signs of the life of herdsmen, or of the flora of civilized communities, or of some other sign of arts now extinct. Secondly, Mr. Lubbock showed that we do see progress in tribes now called barbarous. The Andaman Islanders have invented for themselves outriggers, the Wajiji negroes have learned to make brass, etc. On the whole, his argument was very complete. We should have thought, too, both religion generally, and the Bible in particular, more interested in showing that God educates and improves men from age to age, than that degradation is more "natural" than progress.

GARIBALDI'S creed, to which we have referred in another paragraph, is this:

1. All nations are sisters.
2. War between them is impossible.
3. All quarrels between nations will be judged by a Congress.
4. The members of the Congress will be chosen by democratic societies of every nation.
5. Each nation shall have but one member in the permanent Congress. Absolutism shall be replaced by the right of peoples.
6. The Papacy should be overthrown.
7. The religion of God is adopted by the Congress, and every member promises to propagate it over the globe. (By religion of God, I mean the religion of truth and reason.)
8. The priesthood of revelations and ignorance shall be replaced by that of genius, science, and intelligence.
9. The religion of God to be diffused by education, and by the creation of an honest republican government.

WHILE the warlike apostles of peace meet in Geneva, and propose inaugurating eternal calm by an age of inexorable war, the powers and potentates of the Anglican Church assemble in London, "to confer together." The two convocations provoke strong comments. The London *Spectator* says of them:

"In the one we have a few ill-considered, passionate, enthusiastic, iconoclastic words, going straight to the heart of a multitude, throwing a Congress that had never any element of usefulness in it into wild confusion, but still finding an echo in thousands and thousands of restless hearts. In the other, we have the promise of a few solemn, tame, formal discussions, to be conducted by dignified men, in a carefully regulated order—discussions none of which even touch the life-spring or malady of the Church—and the result of which will, and must be, simply nil. Nobody who is not an Anglican clergyman cares a rush about the matter, and many who are very earnest Anglican clergymen care just as little. The ill-regulated evangelists have all the life and warmth and heat to themselves. The regulated evangelists come flocking over the whole diameter of the globe, to confess that they have nothing to say to each other which can by a possibility stimulate one additional current of human love or thought. They will go through all the proper forms in the most proper and solemn way, and will talk of 'letters commendatory,' and suffragan subordination to Metropolitan, and the cathos of obedience missionaries ought to take, and will be addressed by the Bishop of Illinois, and blessed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and will pass three formal resolutions, and will fit away, each back to his blameless home, and leave all just as it was before—the millions of Europe preferring still, a thousand times, to listen to the great Red Shirt, with his passionate outburst of patriotic fraternalism, to hearing the whispered babble of the mild, lawn-sleeved, white-surplised men who call themselves 'rulers' of the Church of the Son of Man."

THE Republican Convention of this State, which met last week at Syracuse, embodied the sentiment of all honest men in the country, when it resolved:

"That under no circumstance shall the credit of the nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, and that the name of the Republic shall never be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."

#### TOWN GOSSIP.

THE summer is in its decadence, and the chillness of autumn suggests the reign of fires indoors and snow in the streets. Even the sunlight has commenced to lose its warmth, and the sun himself appears to get up reluctantly in the mornings, as though he found it chill.

With the coming winter the theatrical season has commenced, and commenced with a most commendable vigor. New York is at least metropolitan in the variety of theatrical entertainments offered in such profusion as to suit every possible variation of taste. To be sure we have no picture galleries, no museums worthy of the name, no scientific centres where the cultivated and studious man can spend a leisure hour with pleasure and profit.

In these respects there is hardly a tenth-rate town in Europe which does not surpass us with all our wealth and all our self-glorification. But of theatres there is no lack. And with the last novelty in this respect, the Opera Bouffe, at the French Theatre, the cycle seems completed. Here is an entertainment every one should witness. It is an evidence of how perfect the stage has become in Paris from generations of actors. Since the time of Racine and Corneille, Paris has always been at the head of the modern theatrical world, and one of the truths is the Opera Bouffe.

The wildest extravagance without the slightest vulgarity. Delicious music, exquisite taste in dress, a perfect knowledge of the duties of the stage, of all its properties, its properties and its possibilities; all united make up an entertainment which must charm even the most fastidious and delight even the most fastidious. The abandon of the piece, the keenness of its plot, and the wit, which lies, as the French say, be-

tween the lines, bring the boulevards almost to Broadway, and for an instant make us lose the longing for the Louvre and the Garden of the Tuilleries.

After all there is something in the gradual growth of nations. There is a culture which comes only by time. There is an infancy of society, as well as a hobbledehood and maturity, and, as with the individual, the first symptom of transition from one state to the next is becoming conscious that we have arrived at the period of transition. Still, it will probably be a long time before we have such operas, with such music, such acting and such costumes, or anything analogous, which shall originate entirely on this side of the water, and partake as distinctly of the American spirit as our reaping-machines, our river-boats, or our steamships.

We have happened, however, on an age when the spirit of innovation seems to have acquired a hitherto unknown vigor, when the old customs fall away before the advent of the new as rapidly as our Western forests before the axes of our enterprising pioneers, and are transformed as rapidly as our mushroom cities, which change almost in a night, and as though by magic, the forest tree-trunks into houses, stores, churches and district schools.

Clear out in Salt Lake City they have a theatre which is said to be conducted upon new principles, and to have attained a success no less surprising than the growth of that city itself. It is a part of the Mormon faith to make use of the theatre as an educational instrument as well as a simple means of enjoyment. Who knows but that from the remote West we may yet, by a sort of reflex influence, obtain the theatrical school which will be as distinctly American as the Opera Bouffe is French?

The general dullness in all business circles, which has continued all summer, shows now some symptoms of relaxation, and business men more uniformly report themselves "busy" than they have for months. Still the tendency of gold to accumulate in all the great money centres of Europe continues, and the Bank of England at last accounts had, for the first time for years, enough coin in its vaults to buy every penny of its circulation in specie.

But what is the use of it? Fifteen millions of pounds in gold locked up in the bank-vaults is so much money withdrawn actively from circulation. Gold is a very good thing when kept unproductively in bracelets, breast-pins, finger-rings or watch-chains, and here its value for ornamentation may justify this use of it; but kept unproductively as coin in a bank-vault, it is worse than useless, it is absolutely injurious to the industry of a nation.

Every one can see that this is the case if we speak of keeping flour, cotton, wheat, or any other product, stored away and prevented from going where it is wanted. Yet the case is worse with gold, inasmuch as it is used as money, and made the arbitrary measure of value.

It is as though Government should keep a storehouse in which it should lock up a large portion of all the yard-sticks needed for the retail business, and refuse to allow them to get into the hands of shopkeepers, and by prohibiting them from using any other standard of measure, force them to do as best they could.

The fact is that the modern commerce of the world has by the application of science to the arts, and by the stimulus this has given to industry, outgrown the old rules which used to govern it, and the world now requires new financial measures, and new rules for its management in this respect, which shall bear some such reference to its needs as representative government does to the new spirit of democracy.

#### Amusements in the City.

The following are the leading features in city amusement for the week ending Wednesday, October 12nd:

The operatic opening proves to have been a *success d'estime*, the other attractions detracting somewhat from what would doubtless otherwise have been the fashion of the attendance, and the general impression prevailing that the impresario had failed to secure the requisite strength in *prima donna* for so marked a season. The audiences have scarcely warmed up to enjoy ability, until Friday evening, the 7th, when the "Barber" brought out Peralta in unexpected strength, Ronconi gloriously, and the whole troupe at their best. A repetition of "Don Giovanni," on Saturday, gave a better standing to the new tenor, Panchini, who bids fair to become eventually a favorite; and the Norma of Madame Parepa-Rosa, on Monday evening, revived the best vocal tradition of that antique lady. "Crispino" had its first reproduction on Tuesday, the 1st October, and it need not be said that something very near to a *fuor* was created, with Bellini, Ronconi and Peralta, though it is doubtful whether the soprano rôle in the latter could not have been even better filled by the young and vivacious American girl with the unromantic name.

Mr. Bateman's production of French Opera Bouffe, at the Theatre Francaise, has been the success of the time. The little house is charmingly fitted up; the fittings, costumes and appointments of the opera are beyond reproach; the music of the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" is in Offenbach's best vein; Mdlle. Tostee, the *prima donna*, is as clear as a diamond and as *riant* as Mrs. John Wood; the whole troupe are well in their places; the orchestration is excellent; the town is on the tip of delight with the whole affair; and if somebody did not steal the reserved seats of the centre, or the management did not forget to send them, there might have been more said on the question. Perhaps this may yet be remedied—who knows?

Madame Ristori, since our last, has played over some of her old rôles (Elizabeth and Mary Stuart) with the very warmest appreciation, and added a splendid new triumph in her Francesca di Rimini, in which she so blends love and sorrow, the desire of right and the weakness of wrong, that the heart bleeds over the very womanly naturalness of the rendering, while the brain records her the chapter of triumph. She repeated her success of Myrrha on Monday evening, and "Marie Antoinette" may be very soon expected.

Not under the management of "Mr. J. W. Wallack," as the types made us say last week, but that of *Manager Lester Wallack*, the favorite comedy theatre opened on Wednesday evening the 35th September, and showed new decorations throughout, in crimson and gold, thoroughly tasteful and beautiful, effective for showing off toliets, but altogether too dark and too English to please the eyes of New York play-goers for any long period. It also showed Thomas Baker at the baton, and so delighted the ears that had been so long pleased with Mellenbauer. Of the company we have before spoken. The opening places were Craven's "Meg's Diversion" (domestic comedy-drama) and Burnard's "Black-Eyed Susan" (burlesque). The former, though a little weak at near its close, is a capital domestic reminder of the "Chimney Corner" and gives scope for some capital acting. Mrs. Jennings, as Meg, outdoes herself and gives the very highest promise of being able to retain leading business here (vacated, oddly enough, by the other Mrs. Jennings). Her whole rendering of the character is a delight in its mingled mischief and feeling. Mrs. Winter's Cornelia is hard; Miss Annie Ward's Mrs. Matweid is scarcely the lady, though charmingly wheedling (the lady should be in broader parts); Mr. Gilbert's Jeremy Crow, Mr. Ringgold's Merton, Mr. Young's Jasper Pidgeon (the hero—a bit of charming rural love and honesty), and Mr. Leonard's Elyton, are all thoroughly excellent, while the Roland of Mr. Folk is stately. "Meg's Diversion" is a marked quiet success, and deserves to be. "Black-Eyed Susan" is trash, as are most of Burnard's pieces. There is literally nothing in it, either in dialogue or music; and it would fall flat, but for the excellent scenery and management and the atrociously capital

making up of Mr. Mark Smith as Captain Crabtree (oh, those epaulettes!) Mr. Browne as Hacheet, Mr. Holland as Doggrass, Mr. Young as the Dame, Mr. Williamson as O'Ploughshare, Miss Gannon as Black-Eyed Susan, &c.—the satirists they wear and the dancing into which they are continually dragged. Miss Kate Bance, the new English lady, who does William, promises little; she would sing fairly, but for too much lip, but there an end. It is doubtful whether even the satirists and scenery of "Black-Eyed Susan" can hold it very long.

No change of importance at any of the other theatres, where the previously-named rounds all continue, except at Barnum's, where they are putting on a new sensation drama by Mr. Milnes Levick, from the popular novel of "Pale Janet." Our space being filled with lengthy notices, our usual grouping of dramatic events must be deferred except to say that that wonderful railroad-scene in "Under the Gaslight," at the New York, continues to thrill and strait; that Mr. James W. Collier had a pleasant testimonial at the Broadway on Saturday afternoon and evening; that poor Corson W. Clarke, a favorite of old, at the Museum and elsewhere, was found dead in his bed the other morning, from heart-disease; and that Banvard's was to re-open with the "Devil's Auction" (about which something next week) on Tuesday evening the 1st.

#### ART GOSSIP.

SEVERAL New York artists of note—Messrs.

Leutré, William Hart, Culverhouse and Nehlig among the number—have lately been engaged on the compositions for a large panorama of the "Pilgrim's Progress," the first public view of which was given at a matinee, on Monday, 23d September. This panorama, consisting of fifty pictures, is exhibited in the building formerly known as the Church of the Puritans, on the west side of Union Square. The pictures are effective in the broad, scenic style, and the exhibition certainly has attractions which warrant us in forecasting for it a good share of popularity.

Central Park will soon possess another poet in bronze, in addition to the Schiller that stands by the margin of the lake. A colossal bust of Mr. William Cullen Bryant has been nearly completed, in clay, by Mr. Launi Thompson. The poet looks grand and massive in the material, and his best and most characteristic expression has been seized and fixed by the sculptor. This work, which will add much to Mr. Thompson's already widely-spread reputation as an artist of genius, is to be cast in bronze, which is the best material for a sculpture of the class to which it belongs.

There will soon be placed on exhibition in one of the public galleries of this city a picture by G. G. Rosenberg, to which the artist is now giving the finishing touches. It represents a night scene at Long Branch, the foreground, on which a great number of figures are grouped, being on the high bluff that rises from the shore. Beyond there is a glimpse of the sea, with the moon traveling up a clear sky, and over the whole scene there are distributed strong effects of light and shade. Probably we shall have more to say about this picture when it shall have been placed on exhibition.

Mr. Knodler will probably have his gallery arranged for the winter season by the middle of October, when connoisseurs may expect a rare treat in the way of pictures by leading European artists. We noted on our last visit to that gallery a picture by Bouguereau, of a young girl thoughtfully engaged with a book, the face of the girl remarkable for sweetness of expression. A small landscape by the late celebrated Swiss painter, Calame, is also to be seen here, and is a good example of the quiet tones and crisp massing of foliage peculiar to that artist. A picture in the same gallery, by E. Schuback, may be taken as strongly representative of the German school of painting. The composition comprises the interior of a mechanic's workshop, with tools and various accessories lying around. The old artisan is resting from his toil, and helps himself to a pinch of snuff while he talks with a little boy and girl who have entered the shop. The character here is strong, and the picture is wrought up with bold and firm hand.

#### General Sheridan's Ride from Washington to Philadelphia.

WE give a series of illustrations of the prominent features of General Sheridan's progress from Washington to Philadelphia. The expression of public sentiment displayed in these orations is not only a tribute to the patriotism and ability displayed by their recipient in his course as military governor, but also a protest by the loyal sentiment of the country against the policy which removed him from the position he filled so well and so satisfactorily.

During the trip from Washington to Baltimore General Sheridan entered freely into conversation with all who desired to converse with him. Upon political subjects he expressed himself without reserve, and never so earnestly and clearly as when asked for his opinion concerning the great political problems of the day. His manner was entirely unassuming and reserved, though frank and friendly. In conversation with the Philadelphia committee of reception, he said, speaking of the correct policy to be pursued by the country: "There is but one policy to pursue, and that is to carry out the measures of Congress, according to the interpretation which that body has given to those measures."

He also said that every one of his official acts, in his late position, had been endorsed by Grant, and were virtually the acts of that general. Referring to the probable dangers of the present situation, General Sheridan used the following language: "If the rebels get in power through the policy of Andrew Johnson, the rebellion is made honorable and Unionism dishonorable; and as so many soldiers have been sacrificed in the suppression of the rebellion, I am in favor of depriving the rebels of their political power by giving the colored Unionists the right of franchise."

Upon arriving at Baltimore, the train was besieged by several thousands of enthusiastic men, whose prolonged cheering and excited gestures were heard and seen on every side long before the train entered the depot. Hundreds rushed into and through the cars, while others clambered to the top, and not a few boldly struggled through the car windows in their haste to find the one object of the general enthusiasm. For nearly ten minutes it was found almost impossible to remove the general from the window at which he was seated, in consequence of the determined and vigorous handshaking to which he was being subjected. Finally a movement was made from the interior of the special car to the outside, and General Sheridan appeared upon the front platform. The huzzas of the multitude at this time were deafening, while above the roar of the tempest could be heard expressions of the warmest friendship and esteem for the popular Union hero.

The demonstration finally assumed the shape of a perfect ovation. The little general was bodily carried off by the crowd, and carried by them the whole length of the long depots to the front street, amid the boisterous shouts of the multitude, "God bless you, sir—God bless you, sir." The hopes of the country are with you, general," and similar cries helped to make up the general din.

On leaving Baltimore at the President street depot, another large crowd quickly gathered. General Sheridan was introduced to the people by Major-General Richardson of Baltimore, who proposed three cheers for the hero of Five Forks and of New Orleans. The crowd then improved the opportunity to shake hands with the distinguished visitor. Fred Douglass, of New

York, and many colored residents of Baltimore being among the number of those who felt the General's grasp. The train moved off, and the General bowing an adieu, re-entered the car, followed by many hearty well wishes for his continued health and prosperity. The whole reception was one of the most enthusiastic ovations ever tendered by a grateful people to a faithful and valiant general.

On reaching Philadelphia, a procession was formed, and the General was escorted through enthusiastic crowds to his hotel. The sidewalks and streets along the entire route were one surging mass of humanity. A large number of houses were brightly illuminated from basement to garret, the windows being occupied by ladies, who displayed their appreciation of the gallant General by waving their handkerchiefs. He remained in a standing position in his carriage, and was kept busily engaged in responding to these testimonials.

The evening was occupied by a banquet, and the next day the General was officially received at Independence Hall, and that evening continued on the way to New York.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

—The postal money-order system, inaugurated a year or two ago, by which any one can remit money to all parts of the United States, at small cost, without a possibility of incurring loss, has become so popular that the Department at Washington has decided to open four hundred new offices.

—The Union Pacific Railroad is finished four hundred and sixty miles west of Omaha, and within fifty miles of Cheyenne City; and the strides it has taken since then have doubtless brought it within the confines of the last-mentioned locality.

—The only daughter of "Spotted Tail," the celebrated Indian chief, is "finishing her education" at Omaha. She is learning to sing Italian and play the piano.

—A fine gymnasium has lately been erected at Dartmouth College, for the use of the students, at a cost of over \$50,000. The building is of brick, two stories in height, the lower hall is fitted up as a bowling saloon, and contains six alleys for rolling; the upper hall is supplied with all the apparatus necessary for a first-class gymnasium; there is also a gallery for the accommodation of spectators.

—The Police Telegraph has about fifty miles of wire in use in New York city, and about twenty-five miles in Brooklyn, making a total of seventy-five miles, which will soon be materially increased by the extension of the line to Staten Island and other remote points of the Metropolitan District. The expense of maintaining the system in repairs, salaries and incidentals, has been kept at an average of \$15,000 per annum for New York and Brooklyn, a feat that could not have been achieved were not the captains and sergeants in the various precincts required to act as telegraph officers as well as police officers.

—The College year of Chicago University opened last week. There are already nearly two hundred students upon the register—the largest number ever present at the commencement of the term, and others are arriving daily.

—Robert Burns, ex-collector of Eastport, Maine, who was active in opposing the Fenians during their invasion of Campo Bello, and whose property on Indian Island suffered by fire in consequence, has received \$4,000 in gold, as indemnity, from the British government.

—The registration of voters at San Francisco up to August 30, was 21,964 names, viz: 11,336 native born, and 10,628 foreign. The home distribution showed 4,689 natives of the New England States, 8,264 natives of New York, 931 of Pennsylvania, 1,199 of other Northern States, 1,244 of Southern States, 13 natives of California, and two of Oregon. To the foreign element, Ireland furnished 5,366, England and Scotland 1,036, Germany, 3,063, France 166, Mexico five, China two.

—About sixty miles from Houston, in Texas, in a low, wet prairie country, but itself on quite high and dry ground, and surrounded by a fine little forest, is a small lake, whose diameter may be counted by rods, the waters of which are so sour that it is almost impossible to drink them. A number of wells have been dug in the immediate vicinity, and the waters of these contain iron, alum, magnesia, and sulphuric acid. Notwithstanding the difficulty of reaching the place and the poor accommodations, large numbers of invalids go there from Southern States to drink the water of the wells and bathe in the lake; and they experience immediate and remarkable benefit. The effect of the baths is sedative, and persons who have not slept comfortably for weeks, after taking a bath in the lake in the evening enjoy a refreshing night's rest. The water becomes more pleasant to the taste after a few glasses, and may be bottled or put in wooden casks without losing its strength. The soil is so strongly impregnated with the same qualities as the water, that if the mud be dissolved in pure water and a little soda, or saleratus put into it, it will foam and effervesce, and will be as good as lemonade.

##### Foreign.

—A French paper says that when General Haussmann came to Paris in 1860, as representative of the Shah, he brought with him forty-two young scholars, most of them prepared for European study by a course in the University of Teheran. Nearly all this number have gone back to Persia. All of them speak French fluently, some are educated soldiers, some civil engineers, some chemists, some diplomats, some painters and sculptors, and some physicians. This number, Mirza-Abdol-Vahhab, of Cachan, finished a six years' course in the last-named science, and read an excellent thesis. One passage was as follows: "Eternal glory to Nasser-Ed-Dinn-Padichah, whom his people admire, and to whom the West does justice! By his wish young Persians, selected from the first families of the country, having come to France to receive here the light of every sort which radiates from here, carry back to Persia the torch of science, which, with the aid of their sovereign, they will never suffer to go out."

—Napoleon is reported to have scratched from the list of persons recommended for the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honor the name of Paul de Kock.

—The peace establishments of the various countries of Europe require two and a quarter millions of soldiers to be kept under arms, and necessitate the expenditure of four hundred millions of dollars a year. Looking at these facts, it is no wonder that the opinion is becoming general among the people that their standing armies make the great evil by which modern society is afflicted.

—By the Bank Charter Act, Sir Robert Peel fixed the amount of notes which the Bank of England had a right to issue at £15,000,000. The consequence of this foolish application of the procrustean rule to so changeable a matter as the amount of circulation necessary for doing the business of a commercial centre like London is, that when more money is wanted the bank cannot supply it; and when, as now, there is a stagnation in business, and gold is accumulating, the bank's influence is to make matters worse by forcing out its circulation. Ridiculous as this system seems, yet we can hardly flatter ourselves that our own financial system is better.

—An ingenious Frenchman has proposed a new system to meet the extraordinary modern demand for advertising. He suggests that the principal streets of Paris be adorned with stuffed figures, upon which shall be displayed the various wares offered for sale, each one labeled with the price and the name of the house. Perhaps a better method, and one which would open a new profession for a number of idlers, would be to utilize the dandies and the dand-ends for the same purpose.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.



RECENT FLOODS IN NEW SOUTH WALES—VIEW OF PENRITH FROM THE GREAT WESTERN ROAD.

Recent Floods in New South Wales—View of Penrith, from the Great Western Road.

The floods which took place in New South Wales in

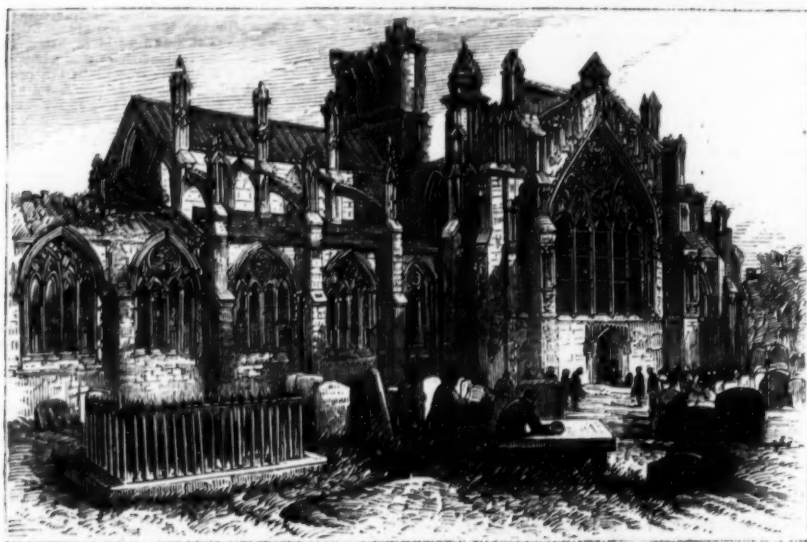
20, speaking of the inundations, says: "From Buss's the waters of the Nepean may be seen, about twelve miles away, spreading out over the country below Penrith. They resemble a vast sheet of silver, and have a very



DESTRUCTION OF THE KATHER FAMILY BY THE FLOOD IN THE RICHMOND DISTRICT, N. S. WALES.

lations of debris, heaps of mud, and pools of water in every direction. The flats and low lands wear a sombre tinge, as if the verdant fields had put on a mourning-dress. The desolated huts cropping up here and there

even the face of Nature. The very animals, what few there are, seem to be infected by it, and have a woe-begone, dissipated aspect. The river—broad, muddy, swift—glides on as if it had never been the instrument



QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH BORDER—HER MAJESTY AT MELROSE ABBEY.



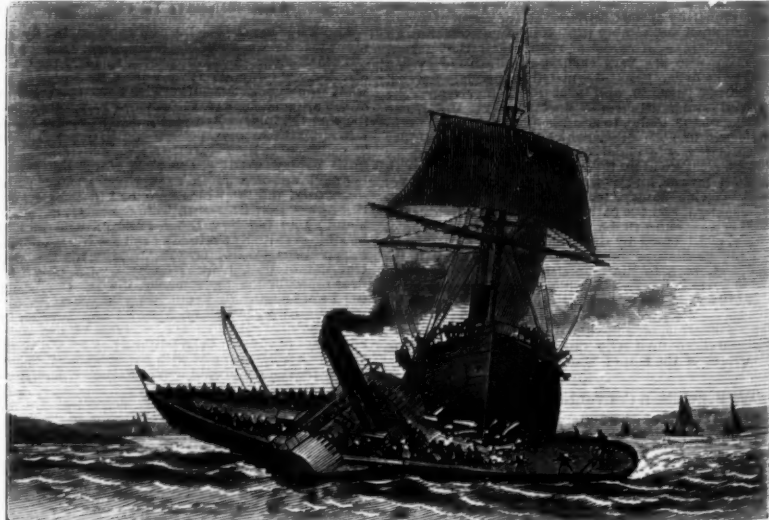
THE FRENCH EMPRESS VISITING THE HOSPITAL OF SAINT-SAUVEUR, LILLE.



RECEPTION OF LADIES AT THE PREFECTURE OF LILLE BY THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

June last have been of a most destructive character. Whole districts on the Hunter, Hawkesbury, and other rivers have been laid waste, and a lamentable loss of life and property has resulted. The Sydney Mail, of June

pretty effect—more picturesque than agreeable, I fancy, to most of those who behold them. Penrith, as seen from Lapstone Hill, presents a singular appearance. The flood has subsided, leaving behind it vast accumu-

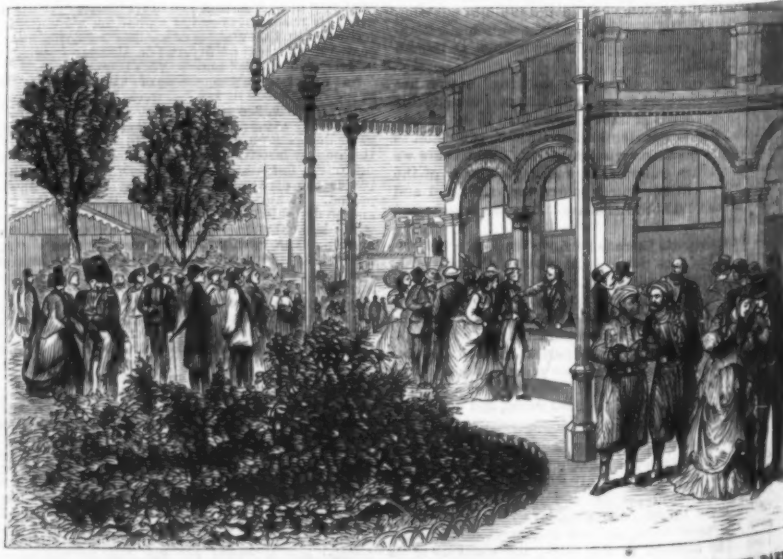


FATAL COLLISION ON THE THAMES—WRECK OF THE STEAMBOAT METIS.

in the dreary waste are inconceivably dismal-looking. have never seen so miserable a spectacle. The grief that is lying at so many hearts seems to have saddened of desolating homes or blighting the hopes of men. The losses caused by this flood are fearful. It is impossible to estimate them. Hundreds are rendered



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND AQUARIUM, PARIS EXPOSITION.



DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT CHURCH AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



peniless and homeless. Many, from being well-to-do, are reduced to abject destitution. It is pitiable to witness so much misery." It is impossible to give full details of the mischief done by these floods, and the particulars we have printed in connection with the scene of our illustration must be taken as specimens of what occurred in extensive districts of the country.

#### Destruction of the Eather Family by the Flood in the Richmond District, New South Wales.

The recent floods in New South Wales have been attended with sad loss of life. One of the many similar scenes is that depicted in our engraving. William and George Eather, farmers, living at Cornwallis, placed their wives and children on the roofs of their houses, and there clung with them, waiting help, until the rising waters washed them off. The two wives and their ten children were overwhelmed in the flood and the husbands saved themselves and one little boy by swimming to a willow tree, from which they were shortly after rescued and taken in a boat to Richmond.

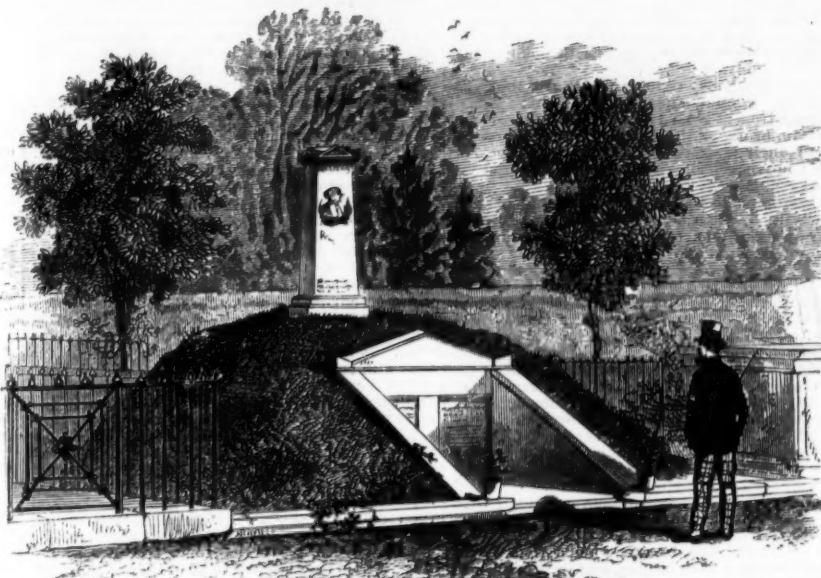
It is said that they made fruitless attempts to save their wives and children, and that one of the poor women, seeing the impossibility of escape, begged of her husband to save himself and not mind her.

#### Queen Victoria's Visit to the Scottish Border—Her Majesty at Melrose Abbey.

While Queen Victoria, on her recent visit to the Scottish Border, was staying with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, at Floors Castle, Kelso, her Majesty went to see Melrose and Abbotsford. Melrose, a little town of about 1,000 inhabitants, is situated on the Tweed, at the foot of the Eildon Hills, fourteen miles from Kelso, and thirty-seven from Edinburgh. The ruins of Melrose Abbey, one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Scotland, are celebrated by the poetry of Scott. It was founded by King David I. in 1136, dedicated to St. Mary, and occupied by a detachment of Cistercian monks from Rievaulx Abbey, in Yorkshire. In 1222 it was destroyed by the English, when retreating from Scotland, after their defeat at Bannockburn. But it was rebuilt, by order of Robert Bruce, in greater beauty than before. It was partly burnt, however, in 1585, by Richard III., and utterly despoiled at the Reformation; after which Mary Queen of Scots gave its estates and revenues to her favorite, Bothwell. They now belong to the Duke of Buccleuch. The parts remaining of the abbey are the choir and transept, the west side, parts of the north and south walls of the great tower, part of the nave, the south aisle, and part of the north aisle. The best entrance now is by a richly-molded Gothic portal in the south transept. This has a beautiful window above it, the stonework of which is still almost perfect. It has been deprived of the images of the Saviour and the Apostles with which it was formerly adorned, but there is a statue of John the Baptist beneath it. The carvings upon the pedestals and canopies of these statues, as well as upon the millions of the windows here and in the south wall of the nave, but especially the east window in the chancel



HOWARD ASSOCIATION HOSPITAL—WASHINGTON SCHOOL-HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



TOMB OF THE 4000 HAMARIBANS OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION, NEW ORLEANS.—FROM SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.

and the capitals of the pillars in the cloisters, are abundant, elegant and wonderfully well preserved. The royal party having left Floors Castle at three in the afternoon, arrived at Melrose about five o'clock.

#### Distribution of Bibles by the Members of the English Protestant Church at the Paris Exposition.

In the park of the Exposition the Protestant Church of England had a species of booth built for the free distribution of copies of the Bible. The great variety of nationalities and religions which were gathered together during the Exposition made the scene often interesting and amusing. Our illustration suggests some of the singular contrivances which were so often to be seen in the vicinity of this booth.

#### General View of the Grand Marine Aquarium in the Reserved Garden of the Paris Exposition.

This enormous marine aquarium, which was one of the chief attractions of the reserved garden in the park of the Great Exposition, is the largest structure of the kind ever made. The effect of walking, as it were, in the midst of the sea, surrounded above and on each side with fish of all kinds sporting in their native element, was very curious. The opportunities such a structure afforded for studying the habits of ocean fish were so excellent that it seems a pity that the aquarium should have been built to serve only the temporary purpose of amusing the visitors to the Exposition. Such another should be built, and made a permanent fixture, for the benefit it would be to scientific study.

#### Reception of Ladies at the Prefecture of Lille, by the French Empress.

The journey of the French Emperor and Empress through the north of France has excited great attention in political circles from the reports of speeches made by his Majesty at Arras and Lille. There is however another and more pleasing side of this journey, which amounted almost to a royal progress, and this we have illustrated. At Lille the Empress received the ladies of the city at the Prefecture, or City-Hall, which was an occasion full of the graceful amenities which the Empress knows so well how to introduce in all her public receptions.

#### The Empress Visiting the Hospital of Saint-Sauveur, at Lille, France.

During the Imperial visit to Lille, while the Emperor was engaged in visiting the various industrial establishments of the city, the Empress repaired with one of her ladies in waiting to the Hospital of Saint-Sauveur, where she inspected the various wards, including that of the fever patients, from which she refused to be excluded, saying that they were the sufferers to whom her visit

was especially paid. In this establishment her Majesty seemed deeply interested, and inspected all the details, inquiring minutely into the sanitary state, the dietary system, and the general conduct of the inmates. The Imperial visitor, in examining the dormitories, turned down several of the beds to ascertain the state of the linen. One of them being badly made, the sheets being too short, her Majesty observed it, and, joining example to precept, remade the bed with the precision of a good housewife. The folding of the sheets would have done honor to St. Cyr, where the dormitories are models of their kind.

#### Fatal Collision on the Thames.

A collision of a very fearful character occurred on the River Thames, on the evening of the 6th of September, between the Metis steamer, belonging to the Woolwich Steam-packet Company, with a number of excursionists on board, and the Wentworth iron screw-collier, outward bound, unbaptized resulting in the former vessel being cut in two and the loss of several lives. The Metis was a small vessel, not above 100 tons register. She

left Gravesend, between five and six o'clock, with about seventy passengers on board, and reached Shell Point, on the Kent shore, opposite Barking, about a quarter to seven o'clock. It was just getting dusk; and, though the lights had not been fixed, the master, Spenceley, was on the bridge between the paddle-boxes, and some of the passengers were dancing to the playing of the band. The steamer was making toward the shore near Shell Point, and it was while she was on this track that the collier-steamer, which had rounded the point, was observed bearing down the south of the channel. It was half flood tide, and the speed of the Wentworth, which was in ballast, was greater than was calculated upon. The consequence was that the Wentworth ran into the Metis on the starboard side, just clear of her funnel, and with such force as to bury the whole of her bows in the hull of the Metis. Indeed, she appears to have gone completely through it, for the after part of the saloon cabin immediately separated and disappeared, while the fore part was driven by the Wentworth up on to the shore near the point. The scene was appalling. There were many passengers standing on the after part of the vessel, several of them being ladies and children, and all went down with that portion of the wreck. A seaman who had charge of the wheel at the time went down also, and perished. His body was recovered on Wednesday. It fortunately happened that there were other vessels passing just then. These at once lowered their boats and pulled to the scene of the wreck. The Wentworth lowered her boats, and succeeded in rescuing a number of people who were drowning. The coast-guard also rendered assistance, and several fishing-boats afforded similar service. The sunken wreck of the after part of the vessel was just flush with the surface of the river.

#### SENORA ANGELA PERALTA.

Those of our readers who have been charmed with the singing of Senora Peralta at the Academy



SENORA ANGELA PERALTA, THE NEW PRIMA DONNA, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



GOLD MEDAL TO BE AWARDED TO THE WINNING BOAT OF EACH CLASS IN THE RACES OF THE INTER-STATE AMATEUR REGATTA ASSOCIATION, TO TAKE PLACE AT TROY, N. Y., OCT. 8, 9 AND 10.—SEE PAGE 60.



of Music, will be pleased to have the likeness we present in this issue. Signora Peralta made her first appearance before a New York audience last season, and so endeared herself by her artistic merit that it is a matter of earnest congratulation that her presence in our midst has been secured again for this season. The opera has been so thoroughly domesticated in New York, that it has become a necessity of cultivated life, and the interpreters of the great masters of music excite an interest and enthusiasm which must be very flattering to those who are its objects. Signora Peralta's first appearance this season was in the opera of "I Puritani," and on this occasion she achieved a success which augurs most encouragingly for her future triumphs and the delight in store for our opera-going public during the balance of the season.

## Two Nights in Southern Mexico.

"A CAPITAL place this for our bivouac!" cried I, swinging myself off my mule, and stretching my arms and legs, which were stiffened by a long ride.

It was a fairish place, to all appearances—a snug ravine, well shaded by mahogany trees, the ground covered with the luxuriant vegetation of that tropical region, a little stream bubbling and leaping and dashing down one of the high rocks that flanked the hollow, and rippling away through the tall fern toward the rear of the spot where we had halted, at the distance of a hundred yards from which the ground was low and shelving.

"A capital place this for our bivouac!"

My companion nodded. As to our lazy Mexican *carriers* and servants, they said nothing, but began making arrangements for passing the night. Curse the fellows! If they had seen us preparing to lie down in a swamp, cheek by jowl with an alligator, I believe they would not have offered a word of remonstrance. These Mexican half-breeds, half Indian, half Spaniard, with sometimes a dash of the negro, are themselves so little pervious to the dangers and evils of their soil and climate, that they never seem to remember that Yankee flesh and blood may be rather more susceptible; that niggas and mosquitoes, and *comito prieto*, as they call their infernal fever, are no trifles to encounter; without mentioning the snakes, and scorpions, and alligators, and other creatures of the kind, which infest their strange, wild, unnatural and yet beautiful country.

I had come to Mexico in company with Jonathan Rowley, a youth of Virginian raising, six and twenty years of age, six feet two in his stockings, with the limbs of a Hercules and shoulders like the side of a house. It was toward the close of 18—; and the recent emancipation of Mexico from the Spanish yoke, and its self-formation into a republic, had given it a new and strong interest to us Americans.

We had been told much, too, of the beauty of the country—but in this we were at first rather disappointed; and we reached the capital without having seen anything, except some parts of the province of Vera Cruz, that could justify the extravagant encomiums we had heard bestowed in the States upon the splendid scenery of Mexico. We had not, however, to go far southward from the chief city, before the character of the country altered, and became such as to satisfy our most sanguine expectations. Forests of palms, of oranges, citrons and bananas, filled the valleys; the marshes and low grounds were crowded with mahogany trees, and with immense fern plants, in height equal to trees.

All nature was on a gigantic scale—the mountains of an enormous height, the face of the country seemed and split by barrancas or ravines, hundreds, ay, thousands of feet deep, filled with the most abundant and varied vegetation. The sky, too, was of the deep glowing blue of the tropics, the sort of blue which seems varnished or clouded with gold. But this ardent climate and teeming soil are not without their disadvantages. Vermin and reptiles of all kinds, and the deadly fever of these latitudes, render the low lands uninhabitable for eight months out of the twelve. At the same time there are large districts which are comparatively free from these plagues—perfect gardens of Eden, of such extreme beauty that the mere act of living and breathing among their enchanting scenes becomes a positive and real enjoyment. The heart seems to leap with delight, and the soul to be elevated, by the contemplation of those regions of fairy-like magnificence.

The most celebrated among these favored provinces is the valley of Oaxaca, in which two mountainous districts, the Mixtecos and Tzapotecs, bear off the palm of beauty. It was through this immense valley, nearly three hundred leagues in length, and surrounded by the highest mountains in Mexico, that we were now journeying. The kind attention of our charge-d'affaires at the Mexican capital had procured us every possible facility in traveling through a country, of which the soil was at that time rarely trodden by any but native feet.

We had numerous letters to the alcaldes and authorities of the towns and villages which are sparingly sprinkled over the southern provinces of Mexico; we were to have escorts when necessary; every assistance, protection, and facility, were to be afforded us. But as neither the authorities nor his excellency, Uncle Sam's envoy, could make inns and houses where none existed, it followed that we were often obliged to sleep *à la belle étoile*, with the sky for a covering. And a right splendid roof it was to our bed-chamber, that tropical sky, with its constellation, all new to us northerners, and every star magnified by the effect of the atmosphere to an incredible size. Mars and Saturn, Venus and Jupiter, had all disappeared; the great and little Bear were still to be seen; in the far distance the ship Argo and the glowing Centaur; and, beautiful above all, the glorious sign of Christianity, the colossal Southern Cross, in all its brightness and sublimity, glittering in silvery magnificence out of its setting of dark blue crystal.

We were traveling with a state and a degree of luxury that would have excited the contempt of our backwoodsmen; but in a strange country we thought it best to do as the natives did; and accordingly, instead of mounting our horses and setting forth alone, with our rifles slung on our shoulders, and a few handfuls of parched corn and dried flesh in our hunting pouches, we journeyed Mexican fashion, with a whole string of mules, a *topih* or guide, a couple of *arrieros* or muleteers, a cook, and one or two other attendants.

While the latter were slinging our hammocks to the lowermost branches of a tree—for in that part of Mexico it is not very safe to sleep upon the ground, on account of the snakes and vermin—our *cochinero* lit a fire against the rock, and in a very few minutes an iguana which we had shot that day was spitted and roasting before it. It looked strange to see this hideous creature, in shape between a lizard and a dragon, twisting and turning in the light of the fire; and its disgusting appearance might have taken away some people's appetites; but we knew by experience there is no better eating than a roasted iguana. We made a hearty meal of this one, concluding it with a pull at the rum flask, and then clambered into our hammocks; the Mexicans stretched themselves on the ground with their heads upon the saddles of the mules, and both masters and men were soon asleep.

It was somewhere about midnight when I was awakened by an indescribable sensation of oppression from the surrounding atmosphere. The air seemed to be no longer air, but some poisonous exhalation that had suddenly arisen and enveloped us. From the rear of the ravine in which we lay, billows of dark mephitic mist were rolling forward, surrounding us with their baleful influence. It was the *comito prieto*, the fever itself embodied in the shape of a fog. At the same moment, and while I was gasping for breath, a sort of cloud seemed to settle upon me, and a thousand stings, like red-hot needles, were run into my hands, face, neck—into every part of my limbs and body that was not triply guarded by clothing. I instinctively stretched forth my hands and closed them, clutching by the action hundreds of enormous mosquitoes, whose droning, singing noise now almost deafened me. The air was literally filled by a dense swarm of these insects; and the agony caused by their repeated and venomous stings was indescribable. It was a perfect plague of Egypt.

Rowley, whose hammock was slung some ten yards from mine, soon gave tongue; I heard him kicking and plunging, spluttering and swearing, with a vigor and energy that would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances; but matters were just then too serious for a laugh. With the torture, for such it was, of the mosquito bites, and the effect of the insidious and poisonous vapors that were each moment thickening around me, I was already in a high state of fever, alternately glowing with heat and shivering with cold, my tongue parched, my eyelids throbbing, my brain seemingly on fire.

There was a heavy thump upon the ground. It was Rowley jumping out of his hammock.

"Damnation!" roared he, "where are we? On the earth, or under the earth? We must be—we are—in their Mexican purgatory. We are, or there's no snakes in Virginny. Hallo, *arrieros*! Pablo! Matteo!"

At that moment a scream—but a scream of such terror and anguish as I never heard before or since—a scream as of women in their hour of agony and extreme peril, sounded within a few paces of us. I sprang out of my hammock; and as I did so two white and graceful female figures darted or rather flew by me, shrieking—and oh! in what heart-rending tones—for "*Socorro! Socorro! Por Dios! Help! Help, for God's sake!*" Close on the heels of the fugitives, bounding and leaping along with enormous strides and springs, came three or four dark objects which resembled nothing earthly. The human form they certainly possessed; but so hideous and horrible, so unnatural and spectre-like was their aspect, that their sudden encounter in that gloomy ravine, and in the almost darkness that surrounded us, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. We stood for a second, Rowley and myself, paralyzed with astonishment at these strange appearances; but another piercing scream restored to us our presence of mind. One of the women had either tripped or fallen from fatigue, and she lay a white heap, upon the ground.

The drapery of the other was in the clutch of one of the spectres, or devils, or whatever they were, when Rowley, with a cry of horror, rushed forward and struck a furious blow at the monster with his machete. At the same time, and almost without knowing how, I found myself engaged with another of the creatures. But the contest was no equal one. In vain did we stab and strike with our machetes; our antagonists were covered and defended with a hard bristly hide, which our knives, although keen and pointed, had great difficulty in penetrating; and on the other hand we found ourselves clutched in long sinewy arms, terminating in hands and fingers, of which the nails were as sharp and strong as an eagle's talons. I felt these horrible claws strike into my shoulders as the creature seized me, and drawing me toward him, pressed me as in the hug of a bear; while his hideous half man, half brute visage was grinning and snarling at me, and his long keen white teeth were snapping and gnashing within six inches of my face.

"God of heaven! This is horrible! Rowley! help me!"

But Rowley, in spite of gigantic strength, was powerless as an infant in the grasp of these terrible opponents. He was within a few paces of me, struggling with two of them, and making superhuman efforts to regain possession of his knife, which had been dropped or wrested from his hand. And all this time, where were our *arrieros*? Were they attacked likewise? Why didn't they come and help us? All this time—pshaw! it was no time; it all passed in the space of a few seconds, in the circumference of a few yards, and in the feeble glimmering light of the stars, and of the smoldering embers of our fire, which was at some distance from us.

"Hal! that has told!"

A stab, dealt with all the energy of despair, had entered my antagonist's side. But I was like to pay dearly for it. Uttering a deafening yell of pain and fury, the monster clasped me closer to his foul and loathsome body; his sharp claws, dug deeper into my back, seemed to tear up my flesh; the agony was insupportable—my eyes began to swim, and my senses to leave me. Just then—crack! crack! Two—four—a dozen musket and pistol shots, followed by such a chorus of yellings and howlings and unearthly laughter! The creature that held me seemed startled—relaxing his grasp slightly.

At that moment a dark arm was passed before my face, there was a blinding flash, a yell, and I fell to the ground released from the clutch of my opponent.

I remember nothing more. Overcome by pain, fatigue, terror, and the noxious vapors of that vile ravine, my senses abandoned me, and I swooned away.

When the consciousness returned, I found myself lying upon some blankets, under a sort of arbor of foliage and flowers. It was broad day; the sun shone brightly, the blossoms smelled sweet, the gay-plumaged humming-birds were darting and shooting about in the sunbeams like so many animated fragments of a prism. A Mexican Indian, standing beside my couch, and whose

face was unknown to me, held out a cocoa-nut-shell containing some liquid, which I eagerly seized, and drank off the contents. The draught (it was a mixture of citron-juice and water) revived me greatly; and raising myself on my elbow, although with much pain and difficulty, I looked around, and beheld a scene of bustle and life which to me was quite unintelligible. Upon the shelving hillside on which I was lying, a sort of encampment was established. A number of mules and horses were wandering about at liberty, or fastened to trees and bushes, and eating the forage that had been collected and laid before them. Some were provided with handsome and commodious saddles, while others had pack-saddles, intended apparently for the conveyance of numerous sacks, cases and wallets that were scattered about on the ground. Several muskets and rifles were leaning here and there against the trees; and a dozen or fifteen men were employed in various ways—some filling up saddle-bags or fastening luggage on the mules, others lying on the ground smoking, one party surrounding a fire at which cooking was going on. At a short distance from my bed was another similarly composed couch, occupied by a man muffled up in blankets, and having his back turned toward me, so that I was unable to obtain a view of his features.

"What is all this? Where am I? Where is Rowley—our guide—where are they all?"

"*Non entiendo*!"—I do not understand—answered my brown-visaged Ganymedes, shaking his head, and with a good-humored smile.

"*Adonde estamos?*"—Where are we?

"*In el valle de Ohihuatan, en el gran valle de Oaxaca y Guatimala; diez leguas de Tlaxi.*"—In the valley of Chihuatan; ten leagues from Tlaxi.

The figure lying on the bed near me now made a movement and turned round.

What could it be? Its face was like a lump of raw flesh streaked and stained with blood. No features were distinguishable.

"Who are you? What are you?" cried I.

"Rowley," it answered; "Rowley I was, at least, if those devils haven't changed me."

"Then changed you they have," cried I, with a wild laugh. "Good God! have they scalped him alive, or what? That is not Rowley."

The Mexican, who had gone to give some drink to the creature claiming to be Rowley, now opened a valise that lay on the ground a short distance off, and took out a small looking-glass, which he brought and held before my face.

It was then only that I began to call to mind all that had occurred, and understood how it was that the mask of human flesh lying near me might indeed be Rowley.

He was, if anything, less altered than myself. My eyes were almost closed; my lips, nose, and whole face swollen to an immense size, and perfectly unrecognizable. I involuntarily recoiled in dismay and disgust at my own appearance.

The horrible night passed in the ravine, the foul and suffocating vapors, the furious attack of the mosquitoes—the bites of which and the consequent fever and inflammation, had thus disfigured us—all—recurred to our memory. But the women, the fight with the monsters—beasts—Indians—whatever they were, that was still incomprehensible. It was no dream; my back and shoulders were still smarting from the wounds that had been inflicted on them by the claws of those creatures, and I now felt that various parts of my limbs and body were swathed in wet bandages.

I was mustering my Spanish to ask the Mexican who still stood by me for an explanation of all this, when I suddenly became aware of a great bustle in the encampment, and saw everybody crowding to meet a number of persons who just then emerged from the high fern, and among whom I recognized our *arrieros* and servants.

The newcomers were grouped around something which they seemed to be dragging along the ground; several women—for the most part young and graceful creatures, their slender, supple forms muffled in the flowing picturesque *rebozos* and *fraxadas*—preceded the party, looking back occasionally with an expression of mingled horror and triumph; all with rosaries in their hands, the beads of which ran rapidly through their fingers, while they occasionally kissed the cross, or made the sign on their breasts or in the air.

"*Un Zambó muerto! Un Zambó muerto!*" shouted they as they drew near.

"*Han matado un Zambó!*"—They have killed a Zambó!—repeated my attendant, in a tone of exultation.

The party came close up to where Rowley and I were lying; the women stood aside, jumping and laughing, and crossing themselves, and crying out:

"*Un Zambó! Un Zambó muerto!*"

The group opened, and we saw, lying dead upon the ground, one of our horrible antagonists of the preceding night.

"Good God, what is that?" cried Rowley and I, with one breath. "*Un demonio!*"—A devil.

"*Perdonen vos, Señores—Un Zambó mono—muy terrible los Zambos.*"—Terrible monkeys, these Zambos.

"Monkeys!" cried I.

"Monkeys!" repeated poor Rowley, raising himself up into a sitting posture by the help of his hands. "Monkeys—apes—by Jove! We've been fighting with monkeys, and it's they who have mauled us in this way. Well, Jonathan Rowley, think of your coming from old Virginny to Mexico to be whipped by a monkey. It's gone goose with your character. You can never show your face in the States again. Whipped by an ape!—an ape, with a tail and a hairy—O Lord! Whipped by a monkey!"

And the ludicrousness of the notion overcoming his mortification and the pain of his wounds and bites, he sank back upon the bed of blankets and banana leaves, laughing as well as his swollen face and sausage-looking lips would allow him.

It was as much as I could do to persuade myself that the carcass lying before me had never been inhabited by a human soul. It was humiliating to behold the close affinity between this huge ape and our own species. Had it not been for the tail, I could have fancied I saw the dead body of some prairie hunter dressed in skins. It was exactly like a powerful, well-grown man; and even the expression of the face had more of bad human passions than of animal instinct. The feet and thighs were those of a muscular man; the legs rather too curved and callous, though I have seen negroes with scarcely better ones; the tendons of the hands stood out like whipcords; the nails were as long as a tiger's claws.

No wonder that he had been overmatched in our struggle with the brutes. No man could have withstood them. The arms of this one were like packets of cordage, all muscle, nerve, and sinew, and the hands were clasped together with such force, that the efforts of eight or ten Mexicans and Indians were insufficient to disunite them.

Whatever remained to be cleared up in our night's adventures was now soon explained. Our

guide, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, had allowed us to take up our bivouac within a very unsafe distance of one of the most pestiferous swamps in the whole province. Shortly after we had fallen asleep, a party of Mexican travelers had arrived, and established themselves within a few hundred yards of us, but on a rising ground, where they avoided the mephitic vapors and the mosquitoes, which had so tortured Rowley and myself. In the night, two of the women, having ventured a short distance from the encampment, were surprised by the zambos, or huge man-apes, common in some parts of Southern Mexico; and finding themselves cut off from their friends, had fled they knew not whither, fortunately for them taking the direction of our bivouac. Their screams, our shouts, and the yellings and diabolical laughter of the zambos, had brought the Mexicans to our assistance.

The monkeys showed no fight after the first volley; several of them must have been wounded, but only the one now lying before us had remained upon the field.

The Mexicans we had fallen among were from the Tzapotecs, principally cochinal-gatherers, and kinder-hearted people there could not well be. They seemed to think they never could do enough for us; the women especially, and more particularly the two whom we had endeavored to rescue from the power of the apes. These latter certainly had cause to be grateful. It made us shudder to think of their fate had they not met with us. It was the delay caused by our attacking the brutes that had given the Mexicans time to come up.

Every attention was shown to us. We were fanned with palm leaves, refreshed with cooling drinks, our wounds carefully dressed and bandaged, our heated, irritated mosquito-bitten limbs and faces washed with balsam and the juice of herbs: more tender and careful nurses it would be impossible to find. We soon began to feel better, and were able to sit up and look about us, carefully avoiding, however, to look at each other, for we could not get reconciled to the horrible appearance of our swollen, bloody and disgusting features.

From our position on the rising ground we had a full view over the frightful swamp, at the entrance of which all our misfortunes had happened. There it lay, steaming like a great kettle, endless mists rising from it, out of which appeared here and there the crown of some mighty tree towering above the banks of vapor. To the left, cliffs and crags were to be seen, which had the appearance of being baseless and of swimming on the top of the mist. The vultures and carrion-birds circled screaming above the huge caldron, or perched on the tops of the tall palms, which looked like enormous umbrellas or the roofs of Chinese summer-houses. Out of the swamp itself proceeded the yellings, snarlings and growlings of the alligators, bull-frogs and myriads of unclean beasts that it harbored.

The air was unusually sultry and oppressive; from time to time the rolling of distant thunder was audible. We could hear the Mexicans consulting among themselves as to the propriety of continuing their journey, to which our suffering state seemed to be the chief obstacle. From what we could collect of their discourse, they were unwilling to leave us in this dangerous district and in our helpless condition, with a guide and attendants who were either untrustworthy or totally incompetent to lead us aright. Yet there seemed to be some pressing necessity for continuing the march; and presently some of the older Mexicans, who appeared to have the direction of the caravan, came up to us and inquired how we felt, and if we thought we were able to travel; adding, that from the signs on the earth and in the air, they feared a storm, and that the nearest habitation or shelter was at many leagues' distance. Thanks to the remedies that had been applied, our sufferings were much diminished. We felt weak and hungry; and telling the Mexicans we should be ready to proceed in half an hour, we desired our servants to get us something to eat. But our new friends forestalled them, and brought us a large piece of iguana, with roasted bananas, and cocoa-nutshell cups full of coffee, to all of which Rowley and I applied ourselves with much gusto. Meanwhile, our muleteers and Tzapotecs were busy packing their beasts and making ready for the start.

We had not eaten a dozen mouthfuls when we saw a man running down the hill with a branch in each hand. As soon as he appeared, a number of the Mexicans left their occupations and hurried to meet him.

"*¡Siete horas!*" shouted the man. "Seven hours, and no more."

"No more than seven hours?" echoed the Tzapotecs, in tones of the wildest terror and alarm. "*La Santísima nos guarde!*" It will take more than ten to reach the village."

"What's all that about?" said I, with my mouth full, to Rowley.

"Don't know—some of their Indian tricks, I suppose."

"*Que es esto?*" asked I, carelessly. "What's the matter?"

"*Que es esto?*" repeated an old Tzapoteco, with long gray hair curling from under his sombrero, and a withered but finely marked countenance. "*Las aguas! El huracán!*"—In seven hours the deluge and the hurricane."

"*Vamos, por la Santísima!*"—For the blessed Virgin's sake, let us be gone! cried a dozen of the Mexicans, pushing two green boughs into our faces.

"What are those branches?"

"From the tempest-tree—the prophet of the storm," was the reply.

And Tzapotecs and women, *arrieros* and servants, ran about in the utmost terror and confusion, with cries of:

"*Vamos, pases redoblado!*"—Off with us, or we are all lost, man and beast," and saddling, packing and scrambling on their mules.

And before Rowley and I knew where we were, they tore us away from our iguanas and coffee, and hoisted and pushed us into our saddles. Such a scene of bustle and desperate hurry I never beheld. The place where the encampment had been was alive with men and women, horses and mules, shouting, shrieking and talking, neighing and kicking; but with all this confusion there was little time lost, and in less than three minutes from the first alarm being given, we were scampering away, over stock and stone, in a long, wild, irregular sort of train.

The rapidity and excitement of our ride seemed to have the effect of calming our various sufferings, or of making us forget them, and we soon thought no more of the fever or of stings or mosquito-bites. It was a ride for life or death, and our horses stepped out as if they knew how much depended on their exertions.

In the hurry and confusion we had been mounted on horses instead of our own mules, and splendid animals they were. I doubt if our Virginians could beat them, and that is saying a great deal. There was no effort or straining in their move-



ments; it seemed mere play to them to surmount the numerous difficulties we encountered on our road.

Over mountain and valley, swamp and barranca, always the same steady sure-footedness—crawling like cats over the soft places, gliding like snakes up the steep rocky ascents, and stretching out with prodigious energy when the ground was favorable, yet with such easy action that we scarcely felt the motion. We should have sat in the roomy Spanish saddles as comfortably as in arm-chairs, had it not been for the numerous obstacles in our path, which was strewn with fallen trees and masses of rocky. We were obliged to be perpetually stooping and bowing our heads to avoid creeping plants, that swung and twined and twisted across the track, intermingled often with huge thorns as long as a man's arm. These latter stuck out on the trees on which they grew like so many brown bayonets, and a man who had run up against one of them would have been transfixed by it as surely as though it had been of steel.

We pushed on, however, in Indian file, following the two guides, who kept at the head of the party, and made our way through places where a wild cat would have difficulty in passing; through thickets of mangroves, mimosa, and tall fern, and cactuses with their thorny leaves full twenty feet long, the path turning and winding all the while. Now and then a momentary improvement in the nature of the ground enabled us to catch a glimpse of the whole column of march. We were struck by its picturesque appearance, the guides in front acting as pioneers, and looking out on all sides as cautiously and anxiously as though they had been soldiers expecting an ambuscade; the graceful forms of the women bowing and bending over their horses' manes, and often leaving fragments of their mantillas and robes on the branches and thorns of the labyrinth through which we were struggling. But it was no time to indulge in contemplation of the picturesque, and of this we were constantly made aware by the vociferations of the Mexicans.

"Hurry! For heaven's sake, hurry!" cried they, if the slightest system of flagging became visible in the movements of any one of the party; and at the words our horses, as though gifted with understanding, pushed forward with renewed vigor and alacrity.

On we went—up hill and down, in the depths of the valley and over the soft, fetid swamp. That valley of Oaxaca has just as much right to be called a valley as our Alleghanies would have to be called bottoms. In the States we should call it a chain of mountains. Out of it rise at every step hills a good two thousand feet above the level of the valley, and four or five thousand above that of the sea; but these are lost sight of, and become flat ground by the force of comparison—that is, when compared to the gigantic mountains that surround the valley on all sides like a frame. And what a splendid frame they do compose, those colossal mountains, in their rich variety and form of coloring! Here shining out like molten gold, there changing to a dark bronze, covered lower down with various shades of green, and with crimson and purple, and violet and bright yellow, and azure and dazzling white, of the millions of paulownias and convolvuluses and other flowering plants, from among which rise the stately palm-trees, full a hundred feet high, their majestic green turbanes towering, like emblems, above the luxuriance of the surrounding flower and vegetable world. Then the mahogany trees, the chicones, and again in the barrancas, the candle-brake-like cactuses, and higher up the knotted and majestic oak. An incessant change of plants, trees and climate. We had been five hours in the saddle, and had already changed our climate three times; passed from the temperate zone, the *tierra templada*, into the torrid heat of the *tierra muy caliente*. It was in the latter temperature that we found ourselves at the expiration of the above-named time, dripping with perspiration, roasting and stewing in the heat. We were surrounded by a new world of plants and animals. The borax and mangroves and fern were here as lofty as forest-trees, while the trees themselves shot up like church steeples. In the thickets around us were numbers of black tigers—we saw dozens of those cowardly, sneaking beasts—iguanae full three feet long, squirrels double the size of any we had ever seen, and panthers, and wild pigs, and jackals, and apes and monkeys of every tribe and description, who threatened and grinned and chattered at us from the branches of the trees. But what is that yonder to the right, that stands out so white against the dark blue sky and the bronze-colored rocks? A town—Quidricovi, d'ye call it?

We had now ridden a good five or six leagues, and began to think we had escaped the agues or deluge, of which the prospect had so terrified our friends the Tzapotecans. Rowley calculated, as he went puffing and grumbling along, that it wouldn't do any harm to let our beasts draw breath for a minute or two. The scrambling and constant change of pace rendered necessary by the nature of the road, or rather track, that we followed, was certainly dreadfully fatiguing both to man and beast. As for conversation, it was out of the question. We had plenty to do to avoid getting our necks broken or our teeth knocked out, as we struggled along, up and down barrancas, through mangroves and thickets, over rocks and fallen trees, and through mimosa and bushes, laced and twined together with thorns and creeping plants—all of which would have been beautiful in a picture, but was most unpoetical in reality.

"Hasten—hasten!" yelled our guides, and the cry was taken up by the Mexicans, in a shrill wild tone, that jarred strangely upon our ears, and made the horses start and strain forward. Hurra! on we go, through thorns and bushes, which scratch and fog us, and tear our clothes to rags. We shall be naked if this lasts long. It is a regular race. In front the two guides, stooping, nodding, bowing, crouching down, first to one side, then to the other, like a couple of mandarins or Indian idols; behind them a Tzapotecan in his picturesque cap, then the women, then more Tzapotecans. There is little thought about precedence or ceremony; and Rowley and I, having been in the least hurry to start, find ourselves bringing up the rear of the whole column.

"Vámos! Por la Santísima! Las aguas, las aguas!" is again yelled by twenty voices. Hang the fools! Can't they be quiet with their eternal *vámos*? We can have barely two leagues more to go to reach the rancho, or village, they were talking of, and appearances are not as yet very alarming. It is getting rather thick to be sure; but that's nothing, only the exhalations from the swamp—for we are again approaching one of those cursed swamps, and can hear the noise of those cursed alligators and bullfrogs. There they are, the beauties; a couple of them are taking a peep at us, sticking their elegant heads and long delicate snouts out of the slime and mud. The neighborhood is none of the best; but luckily the path is firm and good, carefully made, evidently by Indian hands. None but

Indians could live and labor and travel habitually in such a pestilential atmosphere. Thank God! we are out of it at last. Again on firm forest ground, amid the magnificent monotony of the eternal palms and mahogany-trees. But—see there!

A new and surpassingly beautiful landscape burst suddenly upon our view, seeming to dance in the transparent atmosphere. On either side mountains, those on the left in deep shadow, those on the right standing forth like colossal figures of light, in a beauty and splendor that seemed really supernatural, every tree, every branch shining in its own vivid and glorious coloring. There lay the valley in its tropical luxuriance and beauty, one sheet of bloom and blossom up to the topmost crown of the palm-trees, that shot up, some of them a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty feet high. Thousands and millions of convolvuluses, paulownias, bignonia, dendrobiums, climbing from the fern to the tree-trunks, from the trunks to the branches and summits of the trees, and thence again falling gracefully down, and catching and clinging to the mangroves and blocks of granite. It burst upon us like a scene of enchantment, as we emerged from the darkness of the forest into the dazzling light and coloring of that glorious valley.

"Misericordia, misericordia! Audi nos peccadores! Misericordia, las aguas!" suddenly screamed and exclaimed the Mexicans in various intonations of terror and despair. We looked around us. What can be the matter? We see nothing. Nothing, except that from just behind those two mountains, which project like mighty promontories into the valley, a cloud is beginning to rise.

"What is it? What is wrong?"

A dozen voices answered us:

"Por la Santa Virgen, for the holy Virgin's sake, on, on! No hay tiempo para hablar. We have still two leagues to go, and in one hour comes the flood."

And they recommenced their howling, yelling chorus of "*Misericordia! Audi nos peccadores!*" and "*Santísima Virgen and Todos santos y angeles!*"

"Are the fellows mad?" shouted Rowley. "What if the water does come? It won't swallow you. A ducking more or less is no such great matter. You are not made of sugar or salt. Many's the drenching I've had in the States, and none the worse for it. Yet our rains are no child's play either."

On looking round us, however, we were involuntarily struck with the sudden change in the appearance of the heavens. The usual golden black blue color of the sky was gone, and had been replaced by a dull gloomy gray. The quality of the air appeared also to have changed; it was neither very warm nor very cold; but it had lost its lightness and elasticity, and seemed to oppress and weigh us down. Presently we saw the dark cloud rise gradually from behind the hills, completely clearing the summits, and then sweeping along until it hung over the valley, in form and appearance like some monstrous night-moth, resting the tips of its enormous wings on the mountains on either side. To our right we still saw the roofs and walls of Quidricovi, apparently at a very short distance.

"Why not go to Quidricovi?" shouted I to the guides; "we cannot be far off."

"More than five leagues," answered the men, shaking their heads and looking up anxiously at the huge moth, which was still creeping and crawling on, each moment darker and more threatening. It was like some terrible monster, or the fabled Kraken, working itself along by its claws, which were struck deep into the mountain-wall on either side of its line of progress, and casting its hideous shadow over hill and dale, forest and valley, clothing them in gloom and darkness. To our right hand and behind us, the mountains were still of a glowing golden red, lighted up by the sun; but to the left and in our front all was black and dark. With the same glance we beheld the deepest gloom and the brightest day, meeting each other but not mingling. It was a strange and ominous sight.

Ominous enough; and the brute creation seem to feel it so well as ourselves. The chattering parrots, the hopping, glibbering, quarrelsome apes, all the birds and beasts, scream and cry and flutter and spring about, as though seeking a refuge from some impending danger. Even our horses begin to tremble and groan—refuse to go on, start and snort. The whole animal world is in commotion, as if seized with an overwhelming panic. The forest is teeming with inhabitants. Whence come they, all these living things? On every side is heard the howling and snarling of beasts, the frightened cries and chirpings of birds. The vultures and turkey-buzzards, that a few moments before were circling high in the air, are now screaming amid the branches of the mahogany-trees; every creature that has life is running, scampering, flying—apes and tigers, birds and creeping things.

"Vámos por la Santísima! On! or we are all lost."

"And we ride, we rush along—neither masses of rock, nor fallen trees, nor thorns and brambles, check our wild career. Over everything we go leaping, scrambling, plunging, riding like desperate men, flying from a danger of which the nature is not clearly defined; but which we feel to be great and imminent. It is a frightful terror-striking foe, that huge night-moth, which comes ever nearer, growing each moment bigger and blacker. Looking behind us, we catch one last glimpse of the red and bloodshot sun, which the next instant disappears behind the edge of the mighty cloud.

Still we push on. Hosts of tigers, and monkeys both large and small, and squirrels and jackals, come close up to us as if seeking shelter, and then finding none, retreat howling into the forest. There is not a breath of air stirring, yet all nature—plants and trees, men and beasts—seem to quiver and tremble with apprehension. Our horses pant and groan as they bound along with dilated nostrils and glaring eyes, trembling in every limb, sweating at every pore, half blind with terror; giving springs and leaps that more resemble those of a hunted tiger than of a horse.

The prayer and exclamations of the terrified Mexicans continued without intermission, whispered and shrieked and groaned in every variety of intonation. The earthy hue of intense terror was upon every countenance. For some moments a deathlike stillness, an unnatural calm reigned around us; it was as though the elements were holding in their breath, and collecting their energies for some mighty outbreak. Then came a low indistinct moaning sound, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth. The warning was significant.

"Halt! stop!" shouted we to the guides. "Stop! and let us seek shelter from the storm."

"On! for God's sake, on! or we are lost," was the reply.

Thank heaven! the path is getting wider—we come to a descent—they are leading us out of the

forest. If the storm had come on while we were among the trees, we might be crushed to death by the falling branches. We are close to a barranca.

"Alerto! Alerto!" shrieked the Mexicans. "Madre de Dios! Dios! Dios!"

And well might they call to God for help in that awful moment. The gigantic night-moth gaped and shot forth tongues of fire—a ghastly white flame, that contrasted strangely and horribly with the dense black cloud from which it issued. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the earth, then a pause, during which nothing was heard but the panting of our horses as they dashed across the barranca, and began straining up the steep side of a knoll or hillock. The cloud again opened; for a second everything was lighted up.

Another thunder-clap, and then, as though the gates of its prison had been suddenly burst open, the tempest came forth in its might and fury, breaking, crushing, and sweeping away all that opposed it. The trees of the forest staggered and tottered for a moment, as if making an effort to bear up against the storm; but it was in vain; the next instant, with a report like that of ten thousand cannon, whole acres of mighty trees were snapped off, their branches shivered, their roots torn up; it was no longer a forest but a chaos, an ocean of boughs and tree-trunks, that were tossed about like the waves of the sea, or thrown into the air like straws. The atmosphere was darkened with dust and leaves, and branches.

"God be merciful to us! Rowley! where are ye? No answer. What is become of them all?"

A second blast more furious than the first. Can the mountains resist it? will they stand? By the Almighty! they do not. The earth trembles; the hillock, on the lee side of which we are, rocks and shakes; and the air grows thick and suffocating—full of dust and saltpetre and sulphur. We are like to choke. All around is dark as night. We can see nothing, hear nothing but the howling of the hurricane, and the thunder and rattle of falling trees and shivered branches.

Suddenly the hurricane ceases, and all is hushed; but so suddenly the change is startling and unnatural. No sound is audible save the creaking and moaning of the trees with which the ground is cumbered. It is like a sudden pause in a battle, when the roar of the cannon and clang of charging squadrons cease, and naught is heard but the groaning of the wounded, the agonized sobs and gasps of the dying.

The report of a pistol is heard; then another, a third, hundreds, thousands of them. It is the flood, *las aguas*; the shots are drops of rain; but such drops! each as big as a hen's egg. They strike with the force of enormous hailstones—stunning and blinding us. The next moment there is no distinction of drops, the windows of heaven are opened; it is no longer rain or flood, but a sea, a cataract, a Niagara.

The hillock on which I am standing, undermined by the waters, gives way and crumbles under me; in ten seconds' time I find myself in the barranca, which is converted into a river, off my horse, which is gone, I know not whither. The only one I see near me is Rowley, also dismounted, and struggling against the stream, which is already up to our waists, and sweeps along with it huge branches and entire trees, that threaten each moment to carry us away with them, or to crush us against the rocks. We avoid these dangers, God knows how, make violent efforts to stem the torrent, and gain the side of the barranca; although, even should we succeed, it is so steep that we can scarcely hope to climb it without assistance. And whence is that assistance to come? Of the Mexicans we hear or see nothing. They are doubtless all drowned or dashed to pieces. They were higher up on the hillock than we were, and must consequently have been swept down with more force, and were probably carried away by the torrent. Nor can we hope for a better fate. Worn by our ride, weakened by the fever and sufferings of the preceding night, we are in no condition to strive much longer with the furious elements. For one step that we gain, we lose two. The waters rise; already they are nearly up to our armpits. It is in vain to resist any longer. Our fate is sealed.

"Rowley, all is over—let us die like men. God have mercy on our souls!"

Rowley was a few paces up the barranca. He made me no answer, but looked at me with a calm, cold, and yet somewhat regretful smile upon his countenance. Then all at once he ceased the efforts he was making to resist the stream and gain the bank, folded his arms on his breast, and gave a look up and around him, as though he bid farewell to the world he was about to leave. The current was sweeping him rapidly toward me, when suddenly a wild hurrah burst from his lips, and he recommenced his struggles against the waters, striving violently to retain a footing on the slippery, uneven bed of the stream.

"Tenga! Tenga!" screamed a dozen of voices, that seemed to proceed from spirits of the air; and at the same moment something whistled about my ears, and struck me a smart blow across the face. With the instinct of a drowning man, I clutched the *lasso* that had been thrown me. Rowley was at my elbow, and seized it also. It was immediately drawn tight, and by its aid we gained the bank, and began ascending the side of the barranca, composed of rugged declivities rocks, affording scanty foothold. God grant the *lasso* may prove tough! The strain on it is fearful. Rowley is a good fifteen stone, and I am no feather, and in some parts of our perilous ascent the rocks are almost as perpendicular and smooth as a wall of masonry, and we are obliged to cling with our whole weight to the *lasso*, which seems to stretch, crack, and grow visibly thinner. Nothing but a strip of twisted cowhide between us and a frightful, agonizing death on the sharp rocks, and in the foaming waters below. But the *lasso* holds good, and now the chief peril is past, we get some sort of footing—a point of rock or a tree-root to clutch at. Another strain upon this rugged slope of granite, another pull of the *lasso*; a leap, a last violent effort, and—*Véa!*—we are seized under the arms, dragged up, held upon our feet for a moment, and then—we sink exhausted to the ground, in the midst of the Tzapotecans, mules, arrieros, guides, and women, who are sheltered from the storm in a sort of natural cavern.

At the moment at which the hillock had given way under Rowley and myself, who were a short distance in rear of the party, the Mexicans had succeeded in attaining firm footing on a broad rocky ledge, a shelf of the precipice that flanked the barranca. Upon this ledge, which gradually widened into a platform, they found themselves in safety under some projecting crags that sheltered them completely from the tempest. Thence they looked down upon the barranca, where they described Rowley and myself struggling for our lives in the roaring torrent; and thence, by knotting several *lassos* together, they were able to give us the opportune aid which had rescued us from our desperate situation. But whether this aid had come soon enough to save our lives was still a

question, or at least for some time appeared to be so. The life seemed driven out of our bodies by all we had gone through; we were unable to move a finger, and lay helpless and motionless, with only a glimmering, indistinct perception, not amounting to consciousness, of what was going on around us. Fatigue, the fever, the immersion in cold water when reeking with perspiration, the sufferings of all kinds we had endured in the course of the last twenty hours, had completely exhausted and broken us down.

The storm did not last long in its violence, but swept onward, leaving a broad track of desolation behind it. The Mexicans recommenced their journey, with the exception of four or five who remained with us and our arrieros and servants. The village to which we were proceeding was not above a league off; but even that short distance Rowley and myself were in no condition to accomplish. The kind-hearted Tzapotecans made us swallow cordials, stripped off our drenched and water-soaked garments, and wrapped us in an abundance of blankets. We fell into a deep sleep, which lasted all that evening and the greater part of the night, and so much refreshed us that about an hour before daybreak we were able to resume our march—at a slow pace, it is true, and suffering grievously in every part of our bruised and wounded limbs and bodies, at each jolt or rough motion of the mules on which we were clinging, rather than sitting.

Our path lay over hill and dale, perpetually rising and falling. We soon got out of the district or zone that had been swept by the preceding day's hurricane, and after nearly an hour's ride, we paused on the crest of a steep descent, at the foot of which, as our guides informed us, lay the land of promise, the long looked-for rancho. While the muleteers were seeing to the girths of their beasts, and giving the due equilibrium to the baggage, before commencing the downward march, Rowley and I sat upon our mules, wrapped in large Mexican capes, gazing at the morning-star as it sank down and grew gradually paler and fainter.

Suddenly the eastern sky began to brighten, and a brilliant beam appeared in the west, a point of light no bigger than a star—but yet not a star; it was of a far rosier hue. The next moment a second sparkling spot appeared, near to the first, which now swelled out into a sort of fiery tongue, that seemed to lick round the silvery summit of the snow-clad mountain. As we gazed, five—ten—twenty hill tops were tinged with the same rose-colored glow; in another moment they became like fiery banners spread out against the heavens, while sparkling tongues and rays of golden light flashed and flamed round them, springing like meteors from one mountain summit to another, lighting them up like a succession of beacons. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed since the distant pinnacles of the mountains had appeared to us as huge phantom-like figures of a silvery white, dimly marked out upon a dark star-spangled ground; now the whole immense chain blazing like volcanoes covered with glowing lava, rising out of the darkness that still lingered on their flanks and bases, visible and wonderful witnesses to the omnipotence of Him who said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

Above, all was broad day, flaming sunlight; below, all black night. Here and there streams of light burst through clefts and openings in the mountains, and then ensued an extraordinary kind of conflict. The shades of darkness seemed to live and move, to struggle against the bright beams that fell among them and broke their masses, forcing them down the wooded heights, tearing them like tresses of cobwebs; so that successively, and as if by a stroke of enchantment, there appeared, first the deep indigo blue of the tamarinds and chicones, then the bright green of the sugar-canes, lower down the darker green of the nopal-trees, lower still the white and green and gold and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and lowest of all, the stately fan-palms, and date-palms, and bananas; all glittering with millions of dewdrops, that covered them like a gauze veil embroidered with diamonds and rubies. And still in the very next valley all was darkness.

We sat silent and motionless, gazing at this scene of enchantment.

Presently the sun rose higher, and a flood of light illumined the whole valley, which lay some few hundred feet below us—a perfect garden, such as no northern imagination could picture forth; a garden of sugar-canes, cotton, and nopal-trees, intermixed with thickets of pomegranate and strawberry-trees, an groves of orange, fig and lemon, giants of their kind, shooting up to a far greater height than the oak attains in the States—every tree a perfect hothouse, a pyramid of flowers, covered with bloom and blossom to its topmost spray. All was light, and freshness, and beauty; every object seemed to dance and rejoice in the clear elastic golden atmosphere. It was an earthly paradise, fresh from the hand of its Creator, and at first we could discover no sign of man or his works.

Presently, however, we discerned the village lying almost at our feet, the small stone houses overgrown with flowers and embedded in trees; so that scarcely a square foot of roof or wall was to be seen. Even the church was concealed in a garland of orange-trees, and had lianas and star-flowered creepers climbing over and dangle from it, up as high as the slender cross that surmounted its square white tower. As we gazed the first sign of life appeared in the village. A puff of blue smoke rose curling and spiral from a chimney, and the matin bell rang out its summons to prayer. Our Mexicans fell on their knees and crossed themselves, repeating their Ave-Marias. We involuntarily took off our hats, and whispered a thanksgiving to the God who had been with us in the hour of peril, and was now so visible to us in his works.

The Mexicans rose from their knees. "Let us go, Señores!" said one of them, laying his hand on the bridle of my mule. "To the rancho, to breakfast."

We rode slowly down into the valley.

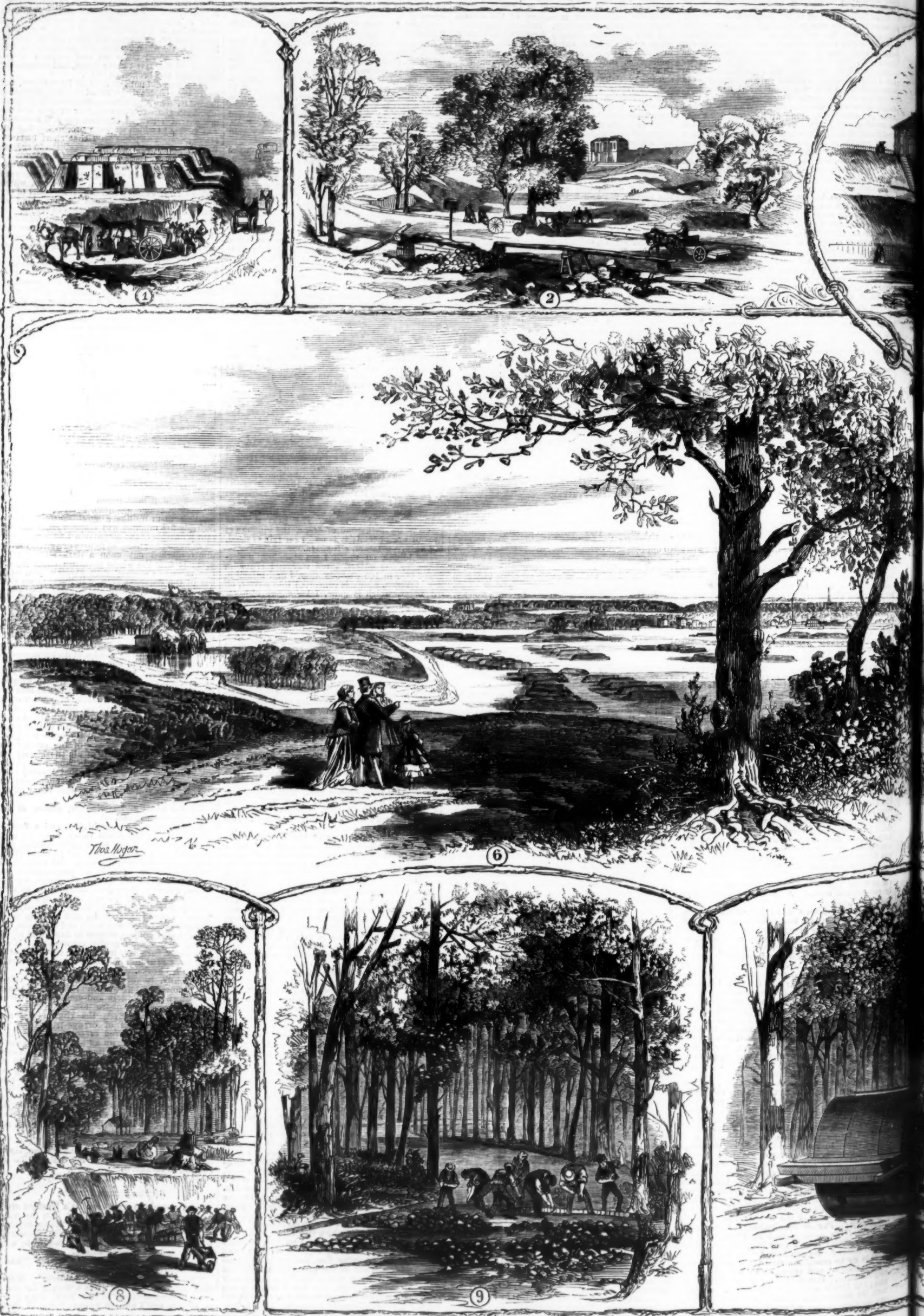
By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown unhurt into the water and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander and drawn out panting.

"Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?"

"Ye-yes, pretty hard, considerin' Wast'n doin' it for myself, tho'; was a workin' for one of them insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life and I wanted to save them. I didn't care."

A PROMINENT official at Washington is stated to have an elegantly fitted parlor and bedroom in the Treasury building. Which is nothing wonderful, seeing the tenacity with which all prominent officials hold on to office.

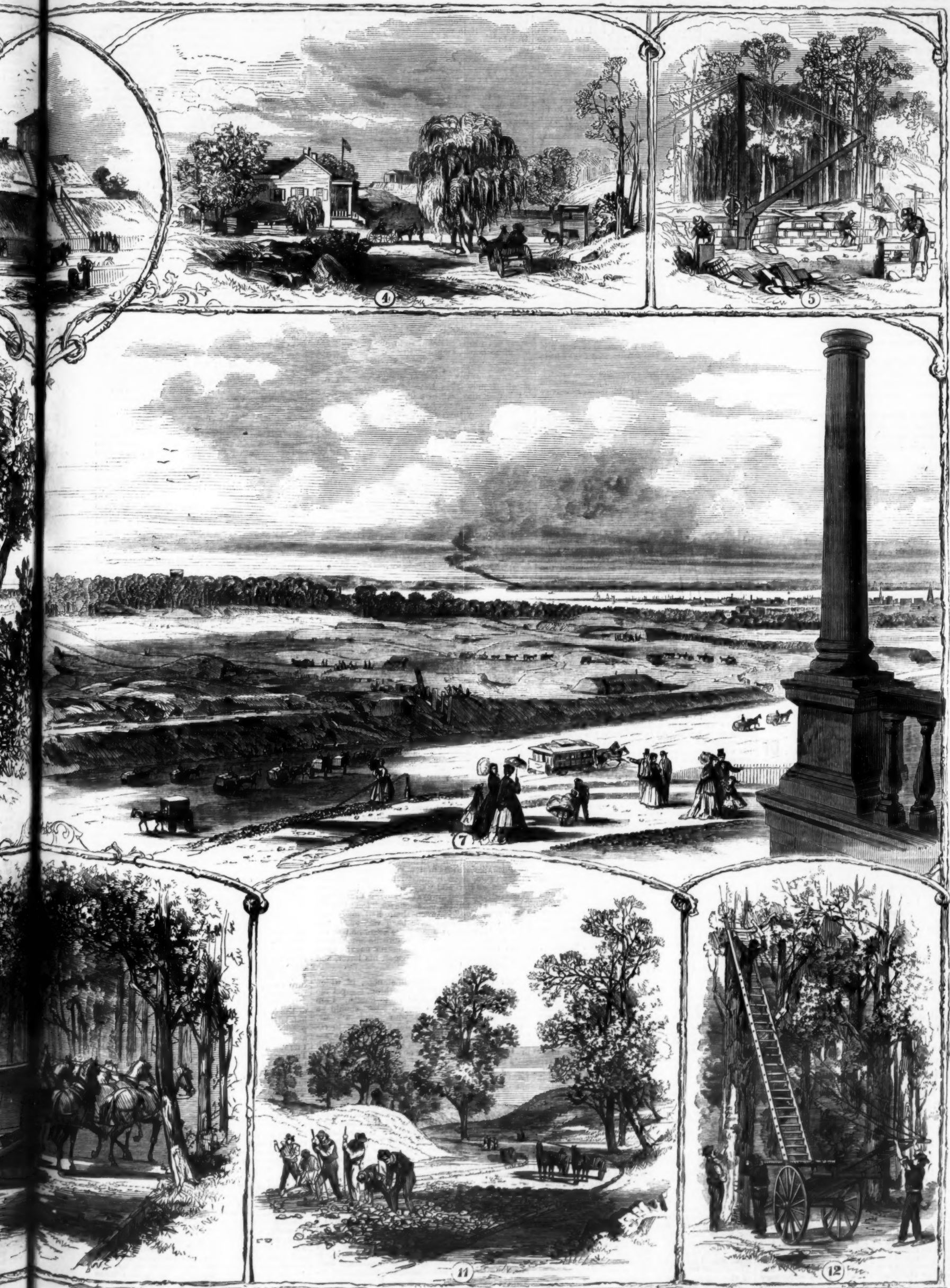




1. Top Dressing. 2. Present appearance of the site of Hicks Post's Tavern. 3. The Reservoir. 4. Hicks Post's Tavern. 5. Building the Culverts. 6. Excavation for the Lake—looking toward the center. 7. The Reservoir.

HOW PARKS ARE MADE—THE PRESENT CONDITION





1. The Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—SEE PAGE 59. 2. The Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—SEE PAGE 59. 3. The Prospect Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—SEE PAGE 59. 4. Cutting out a Road. 5. Macadamizing the Drive—the pavers. 6. Rolling the Macadamized Drive. 7. Packers filling in broken stone on Macadamized Drive. 8. Trimming the Trees.



## SUNSET VISIONS.

Once at the hour when pensive Eve  
Approached with welcome step and slow,  
I viewed the dying sunlight weave  
A deep, immeasurable glow.

And gazing rapt upon the sight,  
Methought outspread before me lay  
A landscape clad in robes of light  
All gorgeous as the gates of day.

A holy quiet wrapped it round;  
My very soul, to stillness hushed,  
Grew solemn in that deep profound,  
While from its inmost depths there gushed

A new-found joy, such as we feel  
When long-departed friends are met,  
Who once have shared our weal and woe,  
And link their memories with us yet.

But now dissolves the fairy sight,  
The evanescent traceries fade,  
As melts beneath the morning light  
The gem-like dewdrop of the glade.

The scene was gone, the glowing hues  
From evening's brow had fled away,  
But faithful Memory oft renews  
Remembrance of that heavenly day.

Within the soul's unfathomed clime  
There lurks a subtle memory,  
That, far outstretching bounds of time,  
Seems grasping at eternity;

And gazing back upon that sea,  
Whence all have come, where all return,  
That chaos of immensity,  
Earth's travelers' starting-point and bourn,

It sometimes seems to catch the roar  
Ascending from abysses vast,  
Of sea-waves striking on the shore—  
The lifeless shore of centuries past;

And through the mist that clouds its face,  
Discerns with more than mortal ken  
Shapes indistinct uprise from space,  
And people all the thoughts again.

For through long ages of the past,  
In unimaginable scenes,  
Our souls have dwelt, although a vast  
And unbridged chasm intervenes.

If mind of man eternal be,  
Eternal too must be its powers;  
The priceless blooms of memory  
Die not the death of earthly flowers.

No gifts that in her charge we place  
Are lost from out her guardian care;  
Though oft we fear gone every trace,  
They still repose in casket rare.

Until, when least we seek the spring,  
The lid flies open and discloses,  
Like genii ruled by charmed ring,  
The long-lost, long-mourned gems and roses.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF  
BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

## CHAPTER XLII.—MR. CRAWLEY'S LETTER TO THE DEAN.

MR. CRAWLEY, when he got home after his walk to Silverbridge, denied that he was at all tired. "The man at Silverbridge, whom I went to see, administered refreshment to me; nay, he administered it with salutary violence," he said, affecting even to laugh. "And I am bound to speak well of him on behalf of mercies over and beyond that exhibited by the persistent tender of some wine. That I should find him judicious I had expected. What little I have known of him taught me so to think of him. But I found with him also a softness of heart for which I had not looked."

"And you will not give up the living, Josiah?" "Most certainly I will. A duty, when it is clear before a man, should never be made less so by any tenderness in others." He was still thinking of Giles Hoggett. "It's dogged as does it."

The poor woman could not answer him. She knew well that it was vain to argue with him. She could only hope that in the event of his being acquitted at the trial, the dean, whose friendship she did not doubt, might re-endow him with the small benefice which was their only source of bread.

On the following morning there came by post a short note from Dr. Tempest:

"My DEAR MR. CRAWLEY," the note ran, "I implore you, if there be yet time, to do nothing rashly. And even although you should have written to the bishop or to the dean, your letters need have no effect, if you will allow me to make them inoperative. Permit me to say that I am a man much older than you, and one who has mixed much both with clergymen and with the world at large. I tell you with absolute confidence, that it is not your duty in your present position to give up your living. Should your conduct ever be called in question on this matter you will be at perfect liberty to say that you were guided by my advice. You should take no step till after the trial. Then, if the verdict be against you, you should submit to the bishop's judgment. If the verdict be in your favor, the bishop's interference will be over."

"And you must remember that if it is not your duty as a clergyman to give up your living, you can have no right, seeing that you have a wife and family, to throw it away as an indulgence to your pride. Consult any other friend you please—Mr. Robarts, or the dean himself. I am quite sure that any friend who knows as many of the circumstances as I know will advise you to hold the living, at any rate till after the trial. You can refer any such friend to me."

"Believe me to be, yours very truly,  
"MONTAGUE TEMPEST."

Mr. Crawley walked about again with this letter in his pocket, but on this occasion he did not go in the direction of Hoggie End. From Hoggie End he could hardly hope to pick up further lessons of wisdom. What could any Giles Hoggett say to him beyond what he had said to him already? If he were to read the doctor's letter to Hoggett, and to succeed in making Hoggett understand it all, Hoggett could only caution him to be dogged. But it seemed to him that Hoggett and his new friend at Silverbridge did not agree in their doctrines, and it might be well that he should endeavor to find out which of them had most of justice on his side. He was quite sure that Hoggett would advise him to adhere to his project of giving up the living—if only Hoggett could be made to understand the circumstances.

He had written, but had not as yet sent away his letter to the dean.

His letter to the bishop would be but a note, and he had postponed the writing of that till the other should be copied and made complete.

He had sat up late into the night composing and altering his letter to his old friend, and now that the composition was finished he was loth to throw it away. Early in this morning, before the postman had brought to him Dr. Tempest's urgent remonstrance, he had shown to his wife the draught of his letter to the dean.

"I cannot say that it is not true," she had said.

"It is certainly true."

"But I wish, dear, you would not send it. Why should you take any step till the trial be over?"

"I shall surely send it," he had replied. "If you will peruse it again, you will see that the epistle would be futile were it kept till I shall have been proved to be thief."

"Oh, Josiah, such words kill me."

"They are not pleasant, but it will be well that you should become used to them. As for the letter, I have taken some trouble to express myself with perspicuity, and I trust that I may have succeeded."

At that time Hoggett was altogether in the ascendant; but now, as he started on his walk, his mind was somewhat perturbed by the contrary advice of one who, after all, might be as wise as Hoggett. There would be nothing dogged in the conduct recommended to him by Dr. Tempest. Were he to follow the doctor's advice, he would be trimming his sails, so as to catch any slant of a breeze that might be favorable to him. There could be no doggedness in a character that would submit to such trimming.

The postman came to Hoggiestock but once in a day, so that he could not dispatch his letter till the next morning—unless, indeed, he chose to send it a distance of four miles to the nearest post-office. As there was nothing to justify this, there was another night for the copying of his letter, should he at last determine to send it. He had declared to Dr. Tempest that he would send it; he had sworn to his wife that it should go; he had taken much trouble with it; he believed in Hoggett; but, nevertheless, this incumbency of Hoggiestock was his all in the world. It might be that he could still hold it, and have bread at least for his wife to eat. Dr. Tempest had told him that he would probably be acquitted; Dr. Tempest knew as much of all the circumstances as did he himself, and had told him that he was not guilty. After all, Dr. Tempest knew more about it than Hoggett knew.

If he resigned the living, what would become of him—of him—of him and of his wife? Whither would they first go when they turned their back upon the door inside which there had at any rate been shelter for them for many years? He calculated everything that he had, and found that at the end of April, even when he should have received his rent-charge, there would not be five pounds in hand among them. As for his furniture, he still owed enough to make it impossible that he should get anything out of that. And these thoughts all had reference to his position if he should be acquitted. What would become of his wife if he should be convicted? And as for himself, whither should he go when he came out of prison?

He had completely realized the idea that Hoggett's counsel was opposed to that given to him by Dr. Tempest; but then it might certainly be the case that Hoggett had not known all the facts. A man should, no doubt, be dogged when the evils of life are insuperable; but need he be so when the evils can be overcome? Would not Hoggett himself undergo any treatment which he believed to be specific for rheumatism? Yes, Hoggett would undergo any treatment that was not in itself opposed to his duty. The best treatment for rheumatism might be to stay away from the brick-field on a rainy day; but if so, there would be no money to keep the pot boiling, and Hoggett would certainly go to the brick-field, rheumatism and all, as long as his limbs would carry him there. Yes; he would send his letter. It was his duty, and he would do it. Men looked askance at him, and pointed at him as a thief. He would send the letter, in spite of Dr. Tempest. Let justice be done, though the heaven may fall.

He had heard of Lady Lufton's offer to his wife. The offers of the Lady Luftons of the world had been sorely distressing to his spirit, since it had first come to pass that such offers had reached him in consequence of his poverty. But now there was something almost of relief to him in the thought that the Lady Luftons would, after some fashion, save his wife and children from starvation—would save his wife from the poor-house, and enable his children to have a start in the world. For one of his children a brilliant marriage might be provided, if only he himself were out of the way. How could he take himself out of the way? It had been whispered to him that he might be imprisoned for two months or for two years. Would it not be a grand thing if the judge would condemn him to be imprisoned for life? Was there ever a man whose existence was so purposeless, so useless, so deleterious, as his own? And yet he knew Hebrew well, whereas the dean knew but very little Hebrew. He could make Greek iambs, and doubted whether the bishop knew the difference between an iambus and a trochee. He could disport himself with trigonometry, feeling confident that Dr. Tempest had forgotten his way over the asses' bridge. He knew "Lycidas" by heart; and as for Thumblie, he felt quite sure that Thumblie was incompetent of understanding a single allusion in that divine poem. Nevertheless, though all this wealth of acquirement was his, it would be better for himself, better for those who belonged to him, better for the world at large, that he should be put an end to. A sentence of penal servitude for life, without any trial, would be of all things the most desirable. Then there would be ample room for the practice of that virtue which Hoggett had taught him.

When he returned home the Hoggethan doctrine prevailed, and he prepared to copy his letter. But before he commenced his task, he sat down with his youngest daughter, and read—or made her read to him—a passage out of a Greek poem, in which are described the troubles and

agonies of a blind giant. No giant would have been more powerful, only that he was blind, and could not see to avenge himself on those who had injured him. "The same story is always coming up," he said, stopping the girl in her reading. "We have it in various versions, because it is so true to life."

Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.

It is the same story. Great power reduced to impotence, great glory to misery, by the hand of Fate—Necessity, as the Greeks called her, the goddess that will not be shunned! At the mill with slaves! People when they read it do not appreciate the horror of the picture. Go on, my dear. It may be a question whether Polyphemus had mind enough to suffer, but from the description of his power, I should think that he had.

"At the mill with slaves!" Can any picture be more dreadful than that? Go on, my dear. Of course you remember Milton's Samson Agonistes. Agonistes, indeed! His wife was sitting at the other side of the room, but she heard his words, heard and understood them; and before Jane could again get herself into the swing of the Greek verse, she was over at her husband's side, with her arms round his neck.

"My love," he said, "my love!"

He turned to her, and smiled as he spoke to her.

"These are old thoughts with me. Polyphemus and Belisarius, and Samson and Milton, have always been friends of mine. The mind of the strong blind creature must be so sensible of the injury that has been done to him! The impotency, combined with his strength, or rather the impotency with the memory of former strength and former aspirations, is so essentially tragic!"

She looked into his eyes as he spoke, and there was something of the flash of old days, when the world was young to them, and when he would tell her of his hopes, and repeat to her long passages of poetry, and would criticize for her advantage the works of old writers.

"Thank God," she said, "that you are not blind."

"Yes—it may be, all right with you."

"And you shall not be at the mill with slaves."

"Or, at any rate, not eyeless in Gaza, if the Lord is good to me. Come, Jane, we will go on."

Then he took up the passage himself, and read it on with clear, sonorous voice, every now and then explaining some passage or expressing his own ideas upon it, as though he were really happy with his poetry.

It was late in the evening before he got out his small stock of best letter-paper, and sat down to work at his letter. He first addressed himself to the bishop; and what he wrote to the bishop was as follows:

"HOGGIESTOCK PARSONAGE, April 11, 186—.

"MY LORD BISHOP—I have been in communication with Dr. Tempest, of Silverbridge, from whom I have learned that your lordship has been pleased to appoint a commission of inquiry—of which commission he is the chairman—with reference to the proceedings which it may be necessary that you should take, as bishop of this diocese, after my forthcoming trial at the approaching Barchester assizes. My lord, I think it right to inform you, partly with a view to the comfort of the gentlemen named on that commission, and partly with the purpose of giving you that information which I think that a bishop should possess in regard to the clerical affairs of his own diocese, that I have by this post resigned my preferment at Hoggiestock into the hands of the Dean of Barchester, by whom it was given to me. In these circumstances, it will, I suppose, be unnecessary for you to continue the commission which you have set in force; but as to that, your lordship will, of course, be the only judge."

"I have the honor to be, my Lord Bishop,

"Your most obedient and very humble servant,

"JOSEPH CRAWLEY,

"Perpetual Curate of Hoggiestock,

"The Right Reverend

"The Bishop of Barchester,

"&c., &c., &c."

"The Palace, Barchester."

But the letter which was of real importance—which was intended to say something—was that to the dean, and that also shall be given to the reader. Mr. Crawley had been for a while in doubt how he should address his old friend in commencing this letter, understanding that its tone throughout must, in a great degree, be made conformable with its first words. He would fain, in his pride, have begun "Sir." The question was between that and "My Dear Arabin." It had once between them always been "Dear Frank" and "Dear Joe;" but the occasions for "Dear Frank" and "Dear Joe" between them had long been past. Crawley would have been very angry had he now been called Joe by the dean, and would have bitten his tongue out before he would have called the dean Frank. His better nature, however, now prevailed, and he began his letter, and completed it as follows:

"MY DEAR ARABIN—Circumstances, of which you have probably heard something, compel me to write to you, as I fear, at some length. I am sorry that the trouble of such a letter should be forced upon you during your holidays—Mr. Crawley, as he wrote this, did not forget to remind himself that he never had any holidays—

"but I think you will admit, if you will bear with me to the end, that I have no alternative."

"I have been accused of stealing a check for twenty pounds, which check was drawn by my Lord Lufton on his London bankers, and was lost out of his pocket by Mr. Soames, his lordship's agent, and was so lost, as Mr. Soames states—not with an absolute assertion—during a visit which he made to my parsonage here at Hoggiestock. Of the fact that I paid the check to a tradesman in Silverbridge there is no doubt. When questioned about it, I first gave an answer so manifestly incorrect that it has seemed odd to me that I should not have had credit for a mistake from those who must have seen that detection was so evident. The blunder was undoubtedly stupid, and it now bears heavy on me. I then, as I have learned, made another error—of which I am aware that you have been informed. I said that the check had come to me from you, and in saying so, I thought that it had formed a portion of that aims which your open-handed benevolence bestowed upon me when I attended on you, not long before your departure, in your library. I have striven to remember the facts. It may be—nay, it probably is the case—that such struggles to catch some accurate glimpse of by-gone things do not trouble you. Your mind is, no doubt, clearer and stronger than mine, having been kept to its proper tune by greater and fitter work. With me, memory is all but gone, and the power of thinking is on the wane! I struggled to remember, and I thought that the check had been in the envelope which you handed to me—

and I said so. I have since learned, from tidings received, as I am told, direct from yourself, that I was as wrong in the second statement as I had been in the first. The double blunder has, of course, been very heavy on me."

"I was taken before the magistrates at Silverbridge, and was by them committed to stand my trial at the assizes to be holden in Barchester on the 28th of this month. Without doubt, the magistrates had no alternative but to commit me, and I am indebted to them that they have allowed me my present liberty upon bail. That my sufferings in all this should have been grievous, you will understand. But on that head I should not touch, were it not that I am bound to explain to you that my troubles in reference to this parish of Hoggiestock, to which I was appointed by you, have not been the slightest of those sufferings. I felt at first, believing then that the world around me would think it unlikely that such a one as I had willfully stolen a sum of money, that it was my duty to maintain myself in my church. I did so maintain myself against an attack made upon me by the bishop, who sent over to Hoggiestock one Mr. Thumblie, a gentleman doubtless in holy orders, though I know nothing and can learn nothing of the place of his cure, to dispossess me of my pulpit and to remove me from my ministrations among my people. To Mr. Thumblie I turned a deaf ear, and would not let him so much as open his mouth inside the porch of my church. Up to this time I myself have read the services, and have preached to the people, and have continued, as best I could, my visits to the poor and my labors in the school, though I know—no one knows as well—how unfitted I am for such work by the grief which has fallen upon me."

"Then the bishop sent for me, and I thought it becoming on my part to go to him. I presented myself to his lordship at his palace, and was minded to be much governed in my conduct by what he might say to me, remembering that I am bound to respect the office; even though I may not approve the man; and I humbled myself before his lordship, waiting patiently for any directions which he in his discretion might think it proper to bestow on me. But there arose up between us that very pestilent woman, his wife—to his dismay, seemingly, as much as to mine—and she would let there be place for no speech but her own. If there be aught clear to me in ecclesiastical matters, it is this: that no authority can be delegated to a female. The special laws of this and of some other countries do allow that women shall sit upon the temporal thrones of the earth, but on the lowest step of the throne of the Church no woman has been allowed to sit as bearing authority, the romantic tale of the woman Pope notwithstanding. Thereupon, I left the palace in wrath, feeling myself aggrieved that a woman should have attempted to dictate to me, and finding it hopeless to get a clear instruction from his lordship—the woman taking up the word whenever I put a question to my lord the bishop. Nothing, therefore, came of that interview but fruitless labor to myself, and anger, of which I have since been ashamed."

"Since that time I have continued in my parish—working, not without zeal, though, in truth, almost without hope—and learning even from day to day that the opinions of men around me have declared me to be guilty of the crime imputed to me. And now the bishop has issued a commission as preparatory to proceeding against me under the act for the punishment of clerical offenses. In doing this, I cannot say that the bishop has been ill-advised, even though the advice may have come from that evil-tongued lady, his wife. And I hold that a woman may be called on for advice, with salutary effect, in affairs as to which any show of female authority would be equally false and pernicious. With me it has ever been so, and I have had a counselor by me as wise as she has been devoted."

It must be noticed that in the draught copy of his letter which Mr. Crawley gave to his wife to read this last sentence was not inserted. Intending that she should read his letter, he omitted it till he made the fair copy.

"Over this commission his lordship has appointed Dr. Tempest, of Silverbridge to preside, and with him I have been in communication. I trust that the labors of the gentlemen of whom it is composed may be brought to a speedy close; and, having regard to their trouble, which in such a matter is, I fear, without remuneration, I have informed Dr. Tempest that I should write this letter to you, with the intent and assured purpose of resigning the perpetual curacy of Hoggiestock into your hands."

"You will be good enough, therefore, to understand that I do so resign the living, and that I shall continue to administer the services of the church only till some clergyman, certified to me as coming from you or the bishop, may present himself in the parish, and shall declare himself prepared to undertake the cure. Should it be so that Mr. Thumblie be sent hither again, I will sit under him, endeavoring to catch improvement from his teaching, and striving to overcome the contempt which I felt for him when he before visited this parish. I annex beneath my signature a copy of the letter which I have written to the bishop on this subject."

"And it now behooves me, as the guardianship of the souls of those around me was placed in my hands by you, to explain to you, as shortly as possible, the reasons which have induced me to abandon my work. One or two whose judgment I do not discredit—and I am allowed to name Dr. Tempest, of Silverbridge, as one—have suggested to me that I should take no step myself till after my trial. They think that I should have regard to the chance of the verdict, so that the preferment may still be mine should I be acquitted; and they say that, should I be acquitted, the bishop's action against me must of necessity cease. That they are right in these facts I do not doubt; but in giving such advice they look only to facts, having no regard to conscience. I do not blame them. I should give such advice myself, knowing that a friend may give counsel as to outer things, but that a man must satisfy his inner conscience by his own perceptions of what is right and what is wrong."

"I find myself to be ill-spoken of, to be regarded with hard eyes by those around me, my people thinking that I have stolen this money. Two farmers in this parish have, as I am aware, expressed opinions that no jury could acquit me honestly, and neither of these men have appeared in my church since the expression of that opinion. I doubt whether they have gone to other churches; and if not they have been deterred from all public worship by my presence. If this be so, how can I with a clear conscience remain among these men? Shall I take from their hands wages for those ministrations which their deliberately formed opinions will not allow them to accept from my hands?"

And yet, though he thus pleaded against himself, he knew that the two men of whom he was



speaking were thick-headed dolts, who were always tipsy on Saturday nights, and who came to church perhaps once in three weeks.

"Your kind heart will doubtless prompt you to tell me that no clergyman could be safe in his parish if he were to allow the opinion of chance parishioners to prevail against him; and you would probably lay down for my guidance that grand old doctrine, 'Nil conserere sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.' Presuming that you may do so, I will acknowledge such guidance to be good. If my mind were clear in this matter, I would not budge an inch for any farmer—no, nor for any bishop, further than he might by law compel me! But my mind is not clear. I do grow pale, and my hair stands on end with horror, as I confess to myself that I do not know whether I stole this money or no! Such is the fact. In all sincerity I tell you that I know not whether I be guilty or innocent. It may be that I picked up the check from the floor of my room, and afterward took it out and used it, not knowing whence it had come to me. If it be so, I stole it, and am guilty before the laws of my country. If it be so, I am not fit to administer the Lord's sacraments to these people. When the cup was last in my hand, and I was blessing them, I felt that I was not fit, and I almost dropped the chalice. That God will know my weakness and pardon me the perplexity of my mind, that is between Him and His creature."

"As I read the letter over to myself I feel how weak are my words, and how inefficient to explain to you the exact position in which I stand; but they will suffice to convince you that I am assuredly purposed to resign this parish of Hoggelstock, and that it is therefore incumbent on you, as patron of the living, to nominate my successor to the benefice. I have only further to ask your pardon for this long letter, and to thank you again for the many and great marks of friendship which you have conferred on me. Alas! could you have foreseen in those old days how barren of all good would have been the life of him you then esteemed, you might perhaps have escaped the disgrace of being called the friend of one whom no one now regards with esteem."

"Nevertheless, I may still say that I am,

"With all affection, yours truly,

"JOSIAH CRAWLEY."

The last paragraph of the letter was also added since his wife had read it. When he had first composed his letter he had been somewhat proud of his words, thinking that he had clearly told his story. But when, sitting alone at his desk, he read it again, filling his mind, as he went on, with ideas which he would fain have expressed to his old friend, were it not that he feared to indulge himself with too many words, he began to tell himself that his story was anything but well told. There was no expression of the Hoggelstock doctrine. In answer to such a letter as that, the dean might well say, "Think again of it. Try yet to save yourself. Never mind the two farmers, or Mr. Thumble, or the bishop. Stick to the ship while there is a plank above the water." Whereas it had been his desire to use words that should make the dean clearly to understand that the thing was decided. He had failed—as he had failed in everything throughout his life; but nevertheless the letter must go. Were he to begin again he would not do it better. So he added to what he had written a copy of his note to the bishop, and the letter was fastened and sent.

Mrs. Crawley might probably have been more instant in her efforts to stop the letter had she not felt that it would not decide everything. In the first place, it was not improbable that the letter might not reach the dean till after his return home, and Mrs. Crawley had long since made up her mind that she would see the dean as soon as possible after his return. She had heard from Lady Luton that it was not doubted in Barchester that he would be back at any rate before the judges came into the city. And then, in the next place, was it probable that the dean would act upon such a letter by filling up the vacancy, even if he did? She trusted in the dean, and knew that he would help them, if any help were possible. Should the verdict go against her husband, then indeed it might be that no help would be possible. In such case she thought that the bishop with his commission might prevail. But she still believed that the verdict would be favorable, if not with an assured belief, still with a hope that was sufficient to stand in lieu of a belief. No single man, let alone no twelve men, could think that her husband had intended to appropriate that money dishonestly. That he had taken it improperly—without real possession—she herself believed; but he had not taken it as a thief, and could not merit a thief's punishment.

After two days he got a reply from the bishop's chaplain, in which the chaplain expressed the bishop's commendation of Mr. Crawley's present conduct.

"Mr. Thumble shall proceed from hence to Hoggelstock on next Sunday," said the chaplain, "and shall relieve you for the present from the burden of your duties. As to the future status of the parish, it will perhaps be best that nothing be done till the dean returns—or perhaps till the session shall be over. This is the bishop's opinion."

It need hardly be explained that the promised visit of Mr. Thumble to Hoggelstock was gall and wormwood to Mr. Crawley. He had told the dean that should Mr. Thumble come, he would endeavor to learn something even from him. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Crawley, in his present mood could learn anything useful from Mr. Thumble. Giles Hoggett was a much more effective teacher.

"I will endure even that," he said to his wife, as she handed to him back the letter from the bishop's chaplain.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—TWO VISITORS TO HOGGELSTOCK.

The cross-grainedness of men is so great that things will often be forced to go wrong, even when they have the strongest possible natural tendency of their own to go right. It was so in these affairs between the archdeacon and his son. The original difficulty was solved by the good feeling of the young lady—by that and the real kindness of the archdeacon's nature. They had come to terms which were satisfactory to both of them, and those terms admitted of perfect reconciliation between the father and his son. Whether the major did marry the lady or whether he did not, his allowance was to be continued to him, the archdeacon being perfectly willing to trust himself in the matter to the pledge which he had received from Miss Crawley. All that he required from his son was simply this—that he should pull down the bills advertising the sale of his effects. Was any desire ever more rational? The sale had been advertised for a day just one week in advance of the session, and the time must have been selected—so thought the archdeacon—with a malicious intention. Why, at any rate, should the things be sold before any one knew whether the

father of the young lady was or was not to be regarded as a thief? And why should the things be sold at all when the archdeacon had tacitly withdrawn his threats—when he had given his son to understand that the allowance would still be paid quarterly with the customary archidiaconal regularity, and that no alteration was intended in those settlements under which the Plumstead foxes would, in the ripeness of time, become the property of the major himself. It was thus that the archdeacon looked at it, and as he did so he thought that his son was the most cross-grained of men.

But the major had his own way of looking at the matter. He had, he flattered himself, dealt very fairly with his father. When he had first made up his mind to make Miss Crawley his wife, he had told his father of his intention. The archdeacon had declared that, if he did so, such and such results would follow—results which, as was apparent to every one, would make it indispensable that the major should leave Cosby Lodge. The major had never complained. So he told himself. He had simply said to his father: "I shall do as I have said. You can do as you have said. Therefore, I shall prepare to leave Cosby Lodge." He had so prepared; and as a part of that preparation the auctioneer's bills had been stuck up on the posts and walls. Then the archdeacon had gone to work surreptitiously with the lady—the reader will understand that we are still following the workings of the major's mind—and having succeeded in obtaining a pledge which he had been wrong to demand, came forward very graciously to withdraw his threats. He withdrew his threats because he had succeeded in his object by other means. The major knew nothing of the kiss that had been given, of the two tears that had trickled down his father's nose, of the generous epithets which the archdeacon had applied to Grace. He did not guess how nearly his father had yielded altogether beneath the pressure of Grace's charms—how willing he was to yield at the first decent opportunity. His father had obtained a pledge from Grace that she would not marry in certain circumstances—as to which circumstances the major was strongly resolved that they should form no bar to his marriage—and then came forward with his eager demand that the sale should be stopped! The major could not submit to so much indignity. He had resolved that his father should have nothing to do with his marriage one way or the other. He would not accept anything from his father on the understanding that his father had any such right. His father had asserted such right with threats, and he, the major, taking such threats as meaning something, had seen that he must leave Cosby Lodge. Let his father come forward and say that they meant nothing, and he abandoned all right to any interference as to his son's marriage, and then the son—would dutifully consent to accept his father's bounty! They were both cross-grained, as Mrs. Grantly declared; but I think that the major was the most cross-grained of the two.

Something of the truth made its way into Henry Grantly's mind as he drove himself home from Barchester after seeing his grandfather. It was not that he began to think that his father was right, but that he almost perceived that it might be becoming in him to forgive some fault in his father. He had been implored to honor his father, and he was willing to do so, understanding that such honor must, to a certain extent, imply obedience—if it could be done at no more than a moderate expense to his feelings. The threatened auctioneer was the cause of offense to his father, and he might see whether it would not be possible to have the sale postponed. There would, of course, be a pecuniary loss, and that in his diminished circumstances—he would still talk to himself of his diminished circumstances—might be inconvenient. But so much he thought himself bound to endure on his father's behalf. At any rate, he would consult the auctioneer at Silverbridge.

But he would not make any pause in the measures which he had proposed to himself as likely to be conducive to his marriage. As for Grace's pledge, such pledges from young ladies never went for anything. It was out of the question that she should be sacrificed, even though her father had taken the money. And, moreover, the very gist of the major's generosity was to consist in his marrying her whether the father were guilty or innocent. He understood that perfectly, and understood also that it was his duty to make his purpose in this respect known to Grace's family. He determined, therefore, that he would go over to Hoggelstock, and see Mr. Crawley before he saw the auctioneer.

Hitherto Major Grantly had never even spoken to Mr. Crawley. It may be remembered that the major was at the present moment one of the bailmen for the due appearance of Mr. Crawley before the judge, and that he had been present when the magistrates sat at the inn in Silverbridge. He therefore knew the man's presence, but except on that occasion he had never even seen his intended future father-in-law. From the moment when he had first allowed himself to think of Grace, he had desired, yet almost feared, to make acquaintance with the father; but had been deterred from doing so by the peculiar position in which Mr. Crawley was placed. He had felt that it would be impossible to speak to the father of his affection for the daughter without any allusion to the coming trial; and he did not know how such allusion could be made. Thinking of this, he had at different times almost resolved not to call at Hoggelstock till the trial should be over. Then he would go there, let the result of the trial have been what it might. But it had not become necessary for him to go on at once. His father had precipitated matters by his appeal to Grace. He would appeal to Grace's father, and reach Grace through his influence.

He drove over to Hoggelstock, feeling himself to be anything but comfortable as he came near to the house. And when he did reach the spot he was somewhat disconcerted to find that another visitor was in the house before him. He presumed this to be the case, because there stood a little pony horse—an animal which did not strongly recommend itself to his instructed eye—attached by its rein to the palings. It was a poor humble-looking beast, whose knees had very lately become acquainted with the hard and sharp stones of a newly-mended highway. The blood was even now red upon the wounds.

"He'll never be much good again," said the major to his servant.

"That he won't, sir," said the man. "But I don't think he's been very much good for some time back."

"I shouldn't like to have to ride him into Silverbridge," said the major, descending from the gig, and instructing his servant to move the horse and gig about as long as he might remain within the house. Then he walked across the little garden and knocked at the door. The door was immediately opened, and in the passage he found Mr. Crawley, and another clergyman whom the

reader will recognize as Mr. Thumble. Mr. Thumble had come over to make arrangements as to the Sunday services and the parochial work, and had been very urgent in impressing on Mr. Crawley that the duties were to be left entirely to himself. Hence had come some bitter words, in which Mr. Crawley, though no doubt he said the sharper things of the two, had not been able to vanquish his enemy so completely as he had done on former occasions.

"There must be no interference, my dear sir—none whatever, if you please," Mr. Thumble had said.

"There shall be none of which the bishop shall have reason to complain," Mr. Crawley had replied.

"There must be none at all, Mr. Crawley, if you please. It is only on that understanding that I have consented to take the parish temporarily into my hands. Mrs. Crawley, I hope that there may be no mistake about the schools. It must be exactly as though I were residing on the spot."

"Sir," said Mr. Crawley, very irate at this appeal to his wife, and speaking in a loud voice, "do you miscount my word; or do you think that if I were minded to be false to you, that I should be corrected in my falsehood by the firmer faith of my wife?"

"I meant nothing about falsehood, Mr. Crawley."

"Having resigned this benefice for certain reasons of my own, with which I shall not trouble you, and acknowledging as I do—and have done in writing under my hand to the bishop—the propriety of the services of the parish till my successor shall have been instituted, I shall, with what feelings of regret I need not say, leave you to the performance of your temporary duties."

"That is all that I require, Mr. Crawley."

"But it is wholly unnecessary that you should instruct me in mine."

"The bishop especially desires"—began Mr. Thumble. But Mr. Crawley interrupted him instantly.

"If the bishop has directed you to give me such instruction, the bishop has been much in error. I will submit to receive none from him through you, sir. If you please, sir, let there be an end of it!" and Mr. Crawley waved his hand.

I hope that the reader will conceive the tone of Mr. Crawley's voice, and will appreciate the aspect of his face; and will see the motion of his hand as he spoke these latter words. Mr. Thumble felt the power of the man so sensibly that he was unable to carry on the contest. Though Mr. Crawley was now but a broken reed, and was beneath his feet, yet Mr. Thumble acknowledged to himself that he could not hold his own in debate with this broken reed. But the words had been spoken, and the tone of the voice had died away, and the fire in the eyes had burned itself out before the moment of the major's arrival. Mr. Thumble was now returning to his horse, and having enjoyed—if he did enjoy—his little triumph about the parish, was becoming unhappy at the future dangers that awaited him; perhaps he was the more unhappy because it had been proposed to him by authorities at the palace that he should repeatedly ride on the same animal from Barchester to Hoggelstock and back. Mr. Crawley was in the act of replying to lamentations on this subject, with his hand on the latch, when the major arrived.

"I regret to say, sir, that I cannot assist you by supplying any other steed."

Then the major had knocked, and Mr. Crawley had at once opened the door.

"You probably do not remember me, Mr. Crawley?" said the major. "I am Major Grantly."

Mrs. Crawley, who heard these words inside the room, sprang up from her chair, and could hardly resist the temptation to rush into the passage. She, too, had barely seen Major Grantly; and now the only bright gleam which appeared on her horizon depended on his constancy, under circumstances which would have justified his inconstancy. But had he meant to be inconstant, surely he would never have come to Hoggelstock.

"I remember you well, sir," said Mr. Crawley. "I am under no common obligation to you; you are at present one of my bailmen."

"There's nothing in that," said the major.

Mr. Thumble, who had caught the name of Grantly, took off his hat, which he had put on his head. He had not been particular in keeping off his hat before Mr. Crawley. But he knew very well that Archdeacon Grantly was a big man in the diocese; and though the Grantlys and the Proudes were opposed to each other, still it might be well to take off his hat before any one who had to do with the big ones of the diocese.

"I hope your respected father is well, sir?" said Mr. Thumble.

"Pretty well, I thank you."

The major stood close up against the wall of the passage, so as to allow room for Mr. Thumble to pass out. His business was one on which he could hardly begin to speak until the other visitor should have gone. Mr. Crawley was standing with the door wide open in his hand. He also was anxious to be rid of Mr. Thumble, and was perhaps not so solicitous as a brother clergyman should have been touching the future fate of Mr. Thumble in the matter of the bishop's old cob.

"Really I don't know what to do as to getting upon him again," said Mr. Thumble.

"If you will allow him to progress slowly," said Mr. Crawley, "he will probably travel with the greater safety."

"I don't know what you call slow, Mr. Crawley. I was ever so much over two hours coming here from Barchester. He stumbled almost at every step."

"Did he fall while you were on him?" asked the major.

"Indeed he did, sir. You never saw such a thing, Major Grantly. Look here."

Then Mr. Thumble, turning round, showed that the rear portion of his clothes had not escaped without injury.

"It was well he was not going fast, or you would have come on to your head," said Grantly.

"It was a mercy," said Thumble. "But, sir, as it was, I came to the ground with much violence. It was on Spiggelwick Hill, where the road is covered with loose stones. I see, sir, you have a gig and horse here, with a servant. Perhaps, as the circumstances are so very peculiar—"

Then Mr. Thumble stopped, and look up into the major's face with imploring eyes. But the major had no tenderness for such sufferings.

"I am sorry to say that I am going quite the other way," he said. "I am returning to Silverbridge."

Mr. Thumble hesitated, and then made a renewed request:

"If you would not mind taking me to Silverbridge, I could get home from thence by railway; and perhaps you would allow your servant to take the horse to Barchester?"

Major Grantly was for a moment dumfounded.

"The request is most unreasonable, sir," said Mr. Crawley.

"That is as Major Grantly pleases to look at it," said Mr. Thumble.

"I am sorry to say that it is quite out of my power," said the major.

"You can surely walk, leading the beast, if you fear to mount him," said Mr. Crawley.

"I shall do as I please about that," said Mr. Thumble.

"And, Mr. Crawley, if you will have the kindness to leave things in the parish just as they are, I will be obliged to you. It is the bishop's wish that you should touch nothing."

Mr. Thumble was by this time on the step, and Mr. Crawley instantly slammed the door.

"The gentleman is a clergyman from Barchester," said Mr. Crawley, modestly folding his hands upon his breast, "whom the bishop has sent over here to take upon himself temporarily the services of the church, and, as it appears, the duties also of the parish. I refrain from animadverting upon his lordship's choice."

"And are you leaving Hoggelstock?"

"When I have found a shelter for my wife and children I shall do so; nay, peradventure, I must do so before any such shelter can be found. I shall proceed in that matter as I am bid. I am one who can regard myself as no longer possessing the privilege of free action in anything. But while I have a room at your service, permit me to ask you to enter it."

Then Mr. Crawley motioned him in with his hand, and Major Grantly found himself in the presence of Mrs. Crawley and her younger daughter.

He looked at them both for a moment, and could trace much of the lines of that face which he loved so well. But the troubles of life had almost robbed the elder lady of her beauty; and with the younger, the awkward thinness of the last years of feminine childhood had not yet given place to the fulfillment of feminine grace. But the likeness in each was quite enough to make him feel that he ought to be at home in that room. He thought that he could love the woman as his mother, and the girl as his sister. He found it very difficult to begin any conversation in their presence, and yet it seemed to be his duty to begin. Mr. Crawley had marshaled him into the room, and having done so, stood aside near the door. Mrs. Crawley had received him very graciously, and having done so, seemed to be ashamed of her own hospitality. Poor Jane had shrunk back into a distant corner, near the open standing desk at which she was accustomed to read Greek to her father, and, of course, could not be expected to speak. If Major Grantly could have found himself alone with any one of the three—say, if he could have been there with any two, he could have opened his budget at once; but before all the family, he felt the difficulty of his situation.

"Mrs. Crawley," said he, "I have been most anxious to make your acquaintance, and I trust you will excuse the liberty I have taken in calling."

"I feel grateful to you, as I am sure does also my husband."

So much she said, and then felt angry with herself for saying so much. Was she not expressing her strong hope that he might stand fast by her child, whereby the whole Crawley family would gain so much—and the Grantly family lose much, in the same proportion?

"Sir," said Mr. Crawley, "I owe you thanks, still unexpressed, in that you came forward, together with Mr. Roberts of Framley, to satisfy the not unnatural requisition of the magistrates before whom I was called upon to appear in the early winter. I know not why any one should have ventured into such jeopardy on my account."

"There was no jeopardy, Mr. Crawley. Any one in the county would have done it."

"I know not that; nor can I see that there was no jeopardy. I trust that I may assure you that there is no danger—none, I mean to you. The danger to myself and those belonging to me is, alas, very urgent. The facts of my position are pressing close upon me. Methinks I suffer more from the visit of the gentleman who has just departed from me than from anything that has yet happened to me. And yet he is in his right—he is altogether in his right."

"No, papa; he is not," said Jane, from her standing ground near the upright desk.

"My dear," said her father, "you should be silent on such a subject. It is a matter hard to be understood in all its bearings—even by those who are most conversant with them. But as to this we need not trouble Major Grantly."

#### The Present Condition of Prospect Park, in Brooklyn.

THE success of every kind which has attended the laying out and decoration of our Central Park, has stimulated many other cities to provide such means of innocent and improving recreation for their own inhabitants. Foremost among the cities which have taken the lead in this direction, stands Brooklyn, which has commenced to make a Park within her city limits which she intends shall at least be commensurate in extent and beauty with her position as the second or third city in the country, and perhaps be the finest in the United States. Fortunately for the success of the undertaking, the commissioners have secured the services of the same capable engineers and landscape gardeners under whose direction the Central Park was made to assume its present beauty, and as the natural advantages of the situation are in favor of Prospect Park, it is not at all improbable that it will surpass the Central Park in many respects. Our series of illustrations shows the variety of processes which the ground in its natural rough condition must go through before the roads can satisfy the demands of the fashionable visitor, while the footpaths and the bridges, the lawns, the shrubbery and flowers, shall charm the humbler pedestrian, whose taste is, as a general thing, better cultivated and more exacting than that of his more stylish fellow-citizens. The first thing done in laying out a Park like this, is to drain it thoroughly, and then lay out the various drives and walks as far as possible in accordance with the natural varieties of the surface. The bed of the roads is laid first in rubble stone, covered with smaller stones and surmounted with gravel, the whole being then rolled with a heavy roller. Prospect Park enjoys an advantage over the Central Park, in having a sea view from some of the elevated points in it, and the best use has been made of such favorable positions. From the care and judgment displayed in the way the work is progressing, the visitor at present will feel convinced that the completed Park will satisfy all the demands of the most fastidious lover of cultivated nature.

A cunning young wife says: "When I want a nice snug day all to myself I tell George dear mother is coming, and then I see nothing of him till one in the morning."





EXTERIOR OF DERRY CHURCH, PENNSYLVANIA.

## THE OLD CHURCH AT DERRY.

SOME thirteen miles south-east from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and on the line of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, is a small station called Derry. Here, in 1719, William and Thomas Penn deeded forty acres of land to the Scotch and Irish Presbyterians, who were then quite numerous in that neighborhood, for church purposes. During the same year the church was begun, and was finished, ready for occupation in 1720.

The church is constructed of oak logs, two feet thick, which are covered with hemlock boards on the outside. The inside is in a good state of preservation, considering its age, doubtless owing to the excellence and durability of the material used in the construction of the pews, floors, etc., viz., yellow pine, cherry and oak. The iron-work is of the most primitive and antique description; and the heavy, hand-wrought nails by which the hinges are secured to the pew and entrance doors are extremely tenacious and difficult to loosen, notwithstanding their hundred and forty-seven years of service. The window-glass was imported from England. Notwithstanding the fact that the Penn family were all Quakers, William and Thomas attended this church regularly for a long time. There are two chairs (one of which is shown in the illustration) which were used by the brothers exclusively; and the oak tree shown to the left of the church is pointed out as the one to which they invariably tied their horses during service.

The pews in the wall, shown in the interior view, were used by the sturdy pioneers to hang their rifles upon, as attacks by the Indians at that period were of almost daily occurrence; and there is still to be seen many a hostile bullet imbedded in the solid oak walls.

The communion-service, which is very ancient, is supposed to be composed of an alloy of silver and pewter, and bears upon the bottom of each piece the royal arms of England, enclosing the words, "Richard," "King."

The churchyard contains the dust of some of the earliest pioneers of Pennsylvania: Reverend Mr. Elder, who was the first pastor of this church, and officiated for sixty years, and was (so the stone informs us) "also Colonel of the Paxton Rangers, whose duty it was to defend the settlement from Indians;" David Brainerd, the Indian missionary; William Bertram, died in 1746, aged seventy-two; John Campbell, who died February 24th, 1734, aged seventy-eight. An immense stone, rudely carved in antique letters, bears this legend:

"Under this stone lies entombed  
James Campbell's dust, you see,  
Who was as healthy and as strong  
As many that may be;  
But now, by Death, whom all devour,  
Is laid up in this coil,  
With crawling worms and reptiles base,  
He is obliged to dwell.  
He died May 31st, 1771, about the age of 80.  
Also,  
Agnes, his second wife,  
She died April 3d 1787, about the age of 50."

Another, of more recent date, informs us that "Here lies Catherine Steel, who in her time raised nineteen orphan children, died in 1803, aged eighty-three."

There now remains but eight communicants of Derry Church. At the bottom of the hill upon which the church stands is a copious and never-failing spring of beautiful cold water.

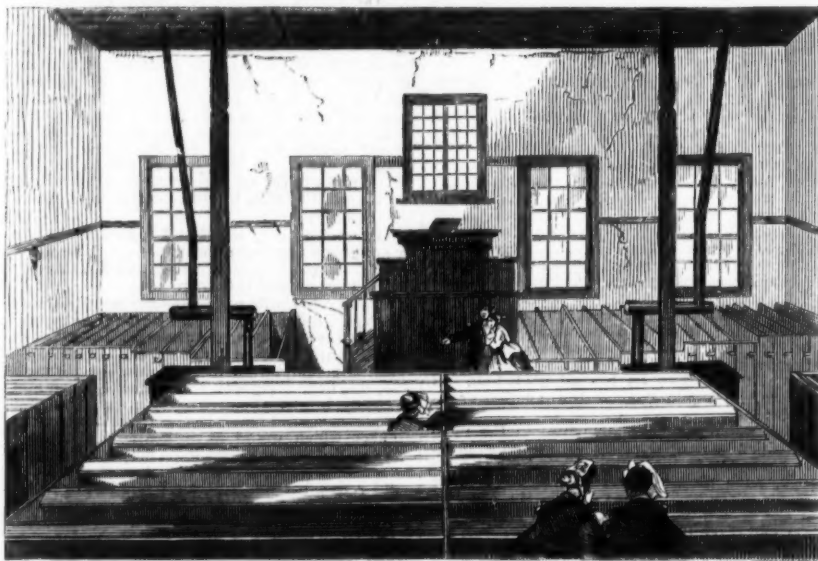
In order to make the antiquity of this church more apparent to the mind of the reader, a few well-remembered facts and dates may be cited in comparison: George Washington was not born until twelve years after

this church was built; and Benjamin Franklin was a small boy not yet known or heard of in Pennsylvania; Braddock's defeat occurred thirty-three years after; and the Declaration of Independence was signed seventy-six years after this church had been built and occupied as a place of public worship.

Space will not admit of a more detailed description of this interesting spot, hallowed as it is by the associations of nearly a century and a half, where our forefathers assembled, "in the time that tried men's souls," to worship under the venerable roof of Derry Church.

## THE LATE MICHAEL FARADAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY was born, in the neighborhood of London, in the year 1794. He was one of those men who have become distinguished in spite of every disadvantage of origin and early education; and, if the contrast between the circumstances of his birth



INTERIOR OF DERRY CHURCH, PENNSYLVANIA, BUILT IN 1720.

and of his later worldly distinction be not so dazzling as is sometimes seen in other walks of life, it is also true that his career was free from the vulgar ambition and uneasy strife after place and power which not uncommonly detract from the glory of the highest honors.

His father was a smith; and he himself, after a very imperfect elementary education, was apprenticed to a bookbinder named Ribau, in Blandford street. He was, however, already inspired with the love of natural science. His leisure was spent in the conduct of such chemical experiments as were within his means, and he ventured on the construction of an electrifying machine, thus foreshadowing the particular sphere of his greater future discoveries. He was eager to quit trade for the humblest position as a student of physical science; and, his tastes becoming known to a gentleman who lived in his master's neighborhood, he obtained for him admission to the chemical lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy, who, then newly knighted and in the plenitude of his powers, was lecturing at the Royal Institution. This was in 1812. Faraday not only attended the lectures, but took copious notes of them, which he carefully re-wrote and boldly sent to Sir Humphrey, begging his assistance in his desire "to escape from trade and to enter into the service of science." The trust in Davy's kindness which prompted the appeal was not misplaced. Sir Humphrey warmly praised the powers shown in the notes of his lectures, and hoped he might be able to meet the writer's wishes.

Early in 1813 the opportunity came. The post of assistant in the laboratory in Albemarle street became vacant, and Sir Humphrey offered it to Faraday who accepted it with a pleasure which can be easily imagined, and thus commenced, in March, 1813, the connection between Faraday and the Royal Institution, which only terminated with his life. Faraday became very soon firmly attached to Davy. The only instance of a suspension—for it was a suspension and not a breach—of his connection with the Royal Institution occurred from October, 1813, to April, 1815, during which time he accompanied Sir Humphrey as his scientific assistant and secretary in his travels on the continent. His life after his return was devoted uninterruptedly to his special studies.

In 1821, while assisting Davy in pursuing the investigation of the relations between electricity and magnetism, first started by Oersted, he made the brilliant discovery of the convertible rotation of a magnetic pole and an electric current, which was the prelude to his wonderful series of experimental researches in elec-

tricity. These investigations procured him the honor of being elected Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences in 1823, and Fellow of the Royal Society in 1825.

In 1827 he published his first work, a volume on "Chemical Manipulation," and in 1829 he was appointed Chemical Lecturer at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich—a post he held, in conjunction with his duties at the Royal Institution, for many years.

In 1831 his first paper appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the subject of electricity, describing his experimental studies of the science; and from that time, for many years, the *Transactions* annually contained papers by Faraday, giving the methods and results of his investigations. These papers, with some others contributed to scientific journals on the same subject, were subsequently collected, at different intervals, in three volumes, under the title of "Experimental Researches

gary. Nature, however, is kind in giving them as a class the contented dispositions so common to all poor Spaniards, while the moderation of the climate enables them to enjoy existence without many of the comforts deemed indispensable in more rigorous temperatures. Then, too, his position frees him from the demands of pride and show, which render the generally impoverished hidalgo so unhappy, so that though most of us would not probably be eager to change positions with him, yet we would find that he shares this opinion with us.

## The Gold Medal to be Awarded by the Inter-State Amateur Regatta Association.

THE first annual meeting of the Inter-State Amateur Regatta Association will take place on the upper Hudson River, above Troy, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October, 1867. Competition for the prizes free to all amateurs. Professional oarsmen not allowed to take part in the races. All entrances must be made before the 5th day of October, and the following information transmitted to the secretary of the association. The number of boats each club intends to enter, their class, the name of the boat, the name of the builder, the name of each member of their crews, the degree the crews are entitled to row in, their colors, and if the boat is to be rowed in more than one degree (by different crews, of course) such fact should be mentioned.

The races will last three days, and our illustration represents the gold medal to be awarded the winning boat of each class.

The club or scull winning the first degree prize for three years in succession, will, on the fourth year, if still successful, receive, in addition to the association medals won previously, the Association Grand Combination Prize Medal, equal in value to all they have won before.

The following extract from printed rules will show the objects of the association:

ARTICLE VI.—Any club found with a professional oarsman entered in its crew, or attempting to enter one for these races, shall be at once for ever ruled out of the association, and the fact published in the official papers. Should a medal or prizes of any sort have been delivered to such crew, before the fact of a professional pulling as one of their number has been discovered, and they do not deliver up such prizes to the association upon demand in writing officially signed by every member of the board, the members of such crew shall be prosecuted by the president of the association for the delivery into his hands all such medals or prizes and the costs of the suit. Any person entering for a degree they are not entitled to, shall be dealt with as above. Should any member wrongfully accuse a club of entering a professional, or any one of entering a degree they are not entitled to, such member shall be ruled out and for ever disqualified from participation in the benefits of the association.

ARTICLE IV.—Five judges shall be chosen annually on the morning of the first day's regatta, at ten o'clock, by a majority vote of all clubs present belonging to the association, each club casting but one vote. The board of directors shall act as canvassers. The judges-elect shall decide all questions of dispute as to the awards made by the board of directors, all decisions to be rendered in accordance with established rules.



MADRID CHAIR-SELLER.

## MADRID CHAIR-SELLER.

THE itinerant workmen and tradesmen of Madrid form one of the most interesting portions of the inhabitants, and among these the chair-sellers, one of whom forms the subject of our illustration. The peculiar cry with which they announce their coming, will be remembered by every traveler who has visited this Spanish capital, while the insignificant business they seem to do makes it a matter of wonder how they live even in this home and centre of poverty and eg-



THE LATE MICHAEL FARADAY.



## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.



BURNING OF THE HARTFORD AND NEW YORK STEAMBOAT CO.'S FREIGHT HOUSE AT HARTFORD, CONN., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.

## HOME INCIDENTS, &amp;c.

## Burning of the Hartford and New York Steamboat Company's Freight House.

Our illustration of the burning of the Freight House in Hartford, at the foot of State street, belonging to the Hartford and New York Steamboat Company, is engraved from a sketch taken upon the spot, during the continuance of the conflagration. The fire broke out about noon, on September the 21st, and in a few minutes spread over the entire building.

The fire took on the east side of the building, next the river front, in a quantity of jute, probably from somebody's carelessness in smoking, though the rules were strict against smoking in the building.

So rapidly did the flames spread, that it seemed like a conflagration of pitch pine, or as if saturated with tur-

goods, cotton bales, kerosene oil, grocery articles, flour, tobacco, cordage, furniture, and a hundred other consignments. It was all destroyed.

On whom the losses will fall cannot now be said, but cases heretofore decided are to the effect that goods once delivered into storehouse are no longer in transit, and are at the risk of the owners.

The building, a lofty and very extensive one, was



DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MINERS AND INDIANS ON WIND RIVER DIVIDE, UTAH.

The intense heat scorched the steamer City of Hartford, lying at her dock foot of State street, and under the energetic superintendence of Captain Mills and E. B. Farnham the steamer was hauled out into the stream, and then headed up stream—escaping just in time.

## A Genuine Ghost Story.

The following story comes to us from Monongahela,

companion. She was present with him by day in spirit and in his dreams at night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him, being repeated night after night, was this, that his wife's spirit came to his bedside and told him that the undertaker had not removed from her face the square piece of muslin or napkin which had been used to cover her face after death, but had screwed down her coffin-lid with it upon her; that she could not rest quiet in her grave, but was uneasy on account of the napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided with him by night and troubled him by day. In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him that the napkin had not been removed, but urged him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this,



A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

pentine. The wind was northerly, and the intense heat endangered all the surrounding buildings, on either side the burning mass, which were, however, saved by being speedily covered with streams of water.

The proprietors of the storehouse kept a hose and hand-engine, and these were promptly got out, but even before the hose could be put in position, the entire warehouse was one roaring, surging mass of fire, and could not be saved. All the efforts of the firemen and the surrounding multitude of people were then directed to the salvation of the nearest buildings on State street and Grove street.

The heat was so fearful as to drive back all who came near the burning mass.

In the burnt building there was \$100,000 to \$200,000 worth of freight. This consisted of a great variety of



A BOARDING HOUSE ADVENTURE.

owned by the Hartford and New York Steamboat Company. It was built on massive stone piers, and elevated above the docks so high as to be beyond the reach of the highest freshets. It extended from the river back to the rear of the buildings on Commerce street, and was accessible in times of freshet by way of Commerce street. The building was rebuilt in 1860 at a cost of \$40,000.

and may serve as an addition to the facts from which a positive theory of the mental phenomena of dreams may finally be evolved:

"Not very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of my friends was called to her final account, leaving her husband disconsolate and bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home—but not to forget his lost



I KNOW WHAT YOU SAID.

he could not avoid the apparition, and continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he determined to have the body disinterred and visited the undertaker for that purpose. Here he was met with the same advice and persuasion, and convinced once more of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night more vivid than ever, more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he promised to remove the cause of her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them, and there, by the light of the moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time



KAMINSKY'S INN, MERCER STREET, BALTIMORE MD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BACHBACH.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

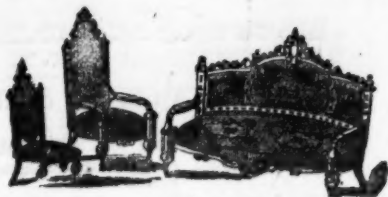






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